

ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

O be a man, and let proud Reason tread
 In triumph on each rebel passion's head!

THE following translation from the Portuguese, was lately found in the port-folio of a young lady. It is a sketch of a singular, and, though an erring, yet a noble character, and is portrayed in a vivid style.

ROZALVO.

A PORTRAIT.

Don Mariano Maraviloso was born in the city of Coimbra in the year 1750. In his early youth he was known from his companions by a distinctness of character, in which the traits of acuteness, of comprehensiveness, of ardour, of magnanimity, and, in fine, a remarkable gravity, were comprehended. In his career at the celebrated university of his native city, he surpassed his fellow-students in almost every branch of education. This, however, was effected, not by patient industry and intense application, but by the vivacity and superiority of his mental endowments. He was, indeed, indolent in disposition; but, though by his remissness he would linger behind his classmates, when the moment of trial approached, he would arrive, by a little application of his scrutinizing mind to the subject under consideration, to a pre-eminence over the rest.

In his whole mode of life he was desultory and eccentric. The fervour of poetic feeling would at one time animate him to an excess of pleasure; but at another, he would be plunged into a despondency that seemed capable of no alleviation—which would make him groan with anguish, and feel, although surrounded by mankind, as if he were the only man in the creation, left to die in horrible solitude. He would penetrate the secrets of philosophy, detecting the sophisms of a system, and embracing its evident principles with the pleasure of a true searcher after immutable truth; he would exult in the rational and sublime prospect which the instructions of the wise men held out to his view; he would subscribe with undoubting faith to the immortality of the soul, and the dignified destiny of man: and yet, when the susceptibility of his nerves had awakened morbid reflections, and inflicted on him an acute sense of pain, he would doubt of received truths, look upon himself as the creature of chance, thrust into a world which he detested with all the faculties of his heart and all the powers of his soul, there to languish in pain, and to die like the brutes. Distinguished from them only by his greater capability of suffering, and by the sufferings he actually endured.

Sometimes he would peruse the pages of Plato and Tully, of Malbranche and Paschal, admiring the doctrines of those illustrious philosophers, and receiving comfort from their instructions—sometimes he would throw them from him with disdain, and in a transport of pain accuse them of falsehood and illusion. He was the creature of imagination and the passions; sometimes, but rarely, of reason. The slightest occurrence would affect him, whilst other men would have passed it by unnoticed; so irritable was his nervous system. Whilst passion animated him, he was the creature of passion alone. Reason was silenced. Piety was forgotten. The tempest within him would admit of no palliatives, and raged till it had spent itself by its idle beatings. When passion had subsided, perhaps imagination would light up his soul. It would decorate the fields and the woods on which he rested his eye; it would add new beauties to the firmament, and he felt happy in the fictions of his own creation. Piety would share the empire of his heart, and he would spend, sometimes days, in the observance of its dictates. Thus his soul was tossed by the passion—thus he was the creature of circumstance, acted

upon by every breeze, and moulded by the most trivial occurrence.

He loved solitude, and forsook his native city for a cot in the most desert wilds of Alentejo. Here he would listen to the sighings of the wind—here would he range untired through the forests. The trees were society for him, and their society was more agreeable than the society of men. He would occasionally visit the luxuriant vallies of Estremadura, and feast on the bounties of nature—the rippling stream, the green and level meadow, and the fragrant groves of citron and oranges. His poetic soul would delight in the joys of nature, and he would sojourn in scenes like these, until his antipathy to men, and disgust of their haunts, would drive him again to the rocks and woods. Sometimes Mariano would visit a retired monastery, and worship at the altar. Overcome by the piety of his early youth, and by the fervour of his feelings, when he heard the voice of the recluse chanting the commemoration of the passion, his bosom was rent by convulsions; he would dissolve into tears; and prostrate himself on the ground, the child of misery unparalleled—of an anguish that cast all other anguish in the shade. He would then retire to his sylvan abode, become calm again, and again relapse into his wildness.

The child, as I have said, of passion, it is not to be supposed that the master passion of the human heart, was a stranger to his. In one of his rambles, he has cast his eye on one of the noblest daughters of Portugal, and for the love of her, he returned once more among the habitations of men. He dismissed the external marks of his eccentricity, and appeared, not as a gloomy misanthrope, but an accomplished cavalier. His unshorn face and his bushy hair were now regulated, and though at times, when alone, he felt miserable—felt as if he wished to retire from the world, and even to die—yet love generally took place of those sterner feelings that had formerly controlled him.

Catalina, the object of his love, admired the manly endowments of Don Mariano; the intelligence of his countenance, the fire of his eyes, and his majestic port. She was touched by the eloquence with which he spoke, and looked on him as a man that she could esteem and might adore, but, alas! as one that was too lofty to be loved. He sought by the most tender assiduities to win her affection; he sought to infuse into her heart a portion of the fire that burned within his own. But the attempt was vain; and while he saw that she did not love him, he cursed himself for languishing around a woman. His proud soul could hardly brook to ask her love, and could not endure that what he condescended to ask, should be withheld from him. But disappointed love was succeeded by a tender melancholy; and instead of recurring to the wilderness for comfort, he brooded over the conviction that none could love him. He would walk across the floor of his chamber from the setting till the rising of the sun, musing on his solitary condition, and tears would often bedew the misanthrope's cheek.

He would meditate now, more than he had been accustomed to do: and instead of a life of frantic joy or grief, he pursued a life of quiet. But yet he was a stranger to tranquillity. He studied for wisdom, but wisdom could not remove that sense of misery, that feeling of loneliness, which pressed him to the earth. His feelings were as acute as they had ever been; yet regulated by reflection and reason. He would yet be excited by the fervour of the imagination. He would yet be cast down by his afflictions, whether real or imaginary; but controlled by the restraints of his powerful mind, he would find relief, not in ravings, but in the shedding of bitter and painful tears. "How long must I thus linger," said he, in an ecstasy of grief; "how long must I thus linger amongst the cold and heartless votaries of the world? Death would be a pleasure more delicious to me than any that I have

ever tasted." He did not sigh in vain. Before many months had elapsed, he breathed his last, and was interred without pomp or ceremony, in the cemetery of the church of San Pedro—forgotten by all but one, to whom he was united by the bonds of the dearest and holiest friendship.

There is none but me to treasure up the recollection of his virtues, and to cherish his name. I can never forget my friend Don Mariano, and none can comprehend how dearly I loved him! The grave must snatch me from life before the lofty characteristics of Maraviloso will be obliterated from my mind. Let none reproach me because I lament his early dissolution, and my consequent bereavement. Though the child of eccentricity and the creature of unchecked passions, he was tender and generous. Though he hated mankind, he would allay with pleasure the misery of a fellow-creature. The seeds of every virtuous and every noble principle were planted in his bosom, but premature knowledge of the world corroded my friend. He died a wreck, but a wreck of all that was great, and all that was illustrious, in the nature of man. I erected to his memory no storied urns, for with me his image was more durable than marble; and for the world—they would pass unheeded, a history of my friend! Besides, he cared not for men when alive, and why should I offer them an inducement to disturb his ashes? I placed over his grave a small tablet with these words alone:

HERE LIES THE DUST

OF

DON MARIANO MARAVILOSO,

A NATIVE OF COIMBRA.

Few have been more worthy of a high and happy destiny;
 Few have lived with more wretchedness than he.

Those who knew him not, cannot estimate the loss that I have sustained, or the affliction that now fills my bosom with anguish. Though he would retire to his seclusion, and hide himself sometimes for months from my eyes, yet when he returned to my embrace, how have I dwelt upon his accents, how have I revelled in the pleasure of his discourse! I saw the superiority of his nature; I saw the benevolence of his soul; I saw the pride which the recollection of a long line of illustrious ancestry had implanted in his heart. These gave a dignified tone to his character; and when I listened to the eloquence of his tongue, when his heart and its emotions were poured forth on my ear, how have my admiration and my regard been led captive away!

But, alas, Mariano is dead! His noble frame has dissolved into dust. Tears cannot recall his animation, or the deluge that I have shed would restore him to me. Grief cannot infuse new expression in his countenance, or would not my agonies recall him to life? But how vain are regrets; how vain are the tears which, since he has been torn from me, have continued to flow. Let me soothe my agitated soul; let me prepare to follow the friend of my heart. His spirit, I cannot doubt, has flown to the spheres—for his benevolence, his goodness, must have borne him to heaven.

ANSELMO.

of May, was just expanding. Matilda, though not remarkably handsome, was a girl of sweet disposition and engaging manners; a spell hung round her which never failed to excite the admiration and secure the esteem of all who saw her, and something of its magic influence was connected with every thing she said or did.

The landscape from the cottage was sublime and beautiful; the towering hills that rose on the east and west, no eye could behold without admiration; to the north and south extended a pleasant vale; a purling brook rose by the door, and bent its serpentine course through the meadows, till it shot away and terminated in a beautiful lake that lay before the eye a pure unbroken mirror.

Caleb and John had been schoolboys together, and both had made claims to the hand of Matilda A—; but a decided preference had always been given to Caleb, and they had only waited for the report of “successful or unsuccessful war to be heard no more,” for the consummation of their wishes.

Lovers are always hasty. By the protracted length of the war, aided by the entreaty of friends, the wedding was at length appointed. This was what John had long wished for, that he might the more honourably accomplish his resolution under the garb of war. There was the lurking spirit of a villain within his breast, for he had determined that Caleb and Matilda should never be married, and only waited for an opportunity to put his wicked determination into execution. That opportunity soon presented itself.

The morning previous to the one appointed for the marriage, Caleb and his men were called away on an expedition against their enemies that occupied the day. At the foot of the hill Caleb dismissed his company, with the order to collect at the sound of his horn, and then walked slowly towards its summit. He paused to survey the landscape that was yet tinged with the rays of the setting sun, and pleasant ideas were mingled with the prospect, that when the earth should again be enlivened with the bright majesty of day, he should be united to all that would render life sweet.

With such thoughts was his mind occupied when he arrived at the summit of the hill; but, gracious God! what an appalling spectacle met his view! Instead of the lovely cottage, he could discover nought but a heap of ruins, and the smoke that yet ascended from it, and was borne along the southern breeze, rose higher and higher, till it mingled with the mists of the evening!

At the nearest neighbour's, he found the lifeless corse of Matilda; and from the mother he learned that John and his party had been there, abused the old lady, murdered the daughter, and burnt the cottage; that the inhabitants had collected together, and done all that humanity could suggest.

He grasped his sword, and over the murdered body he vowed, that he would perish in the attempt, or her murderer should die; and then rushed from the house.

The mother ran to restrain him; but he was far away, bending his course up the hill with the velocity of the deer. He stopped not to view the beauties of the rising sun, that the evening before he had anticipated with pleasure. The desire of revenge was visible upon his countenance, as he raised his horn and blew the blast “shrill and long;” it echoed and re-echoed till the sound was lost behind the distant hills. His troops were soon around him: he raised himself upon his horse, told them of his loss, of the murder that had been committed, and asked them if they would follow him to “victory or death.” The answer was unanimous, “We will conquer or we will die.”

The parties were soon in sight of each other, and rushed together; the captains met. There seemed to be a pause among the soldiers, while their leaders fought. Justice appeared to nerve the arm of Caleb, for soon his foe lay senseless upon the field; his sword

CALEB AND MATILDA;

AN AMERICAN TALE.

ABOUT twenty miles from the beautiful village of Mid-Gotham, there dwelt, in the time of the American war, Henry M— and Horatio H—, two powerful rivals. Henry was fighting for the independence of America, Horatio to maintain the monarchy of Great Britain. Henry had a son named Caleb, who commanded a company of about one hundred men, and, with his parent, was engaged in the great cause of the revolution. John, under the direction of his father Horatio, was striving to quell the rising spirit of liberty that was breaking forth in America. Many were the murders and deeds of horror, that were committed in those days; the peaceful inhabitant who would lie down with pleasant prospects before him, would rise no more. The trusty rifle was placed by the bed-side, and the report of it was often heard at the still hour of midnight; and these were emphatically styled the times that tried the patriot's soul.

Yet amid all this struggle, there was one little spot where contentment reigned; where sweet peace drove far away the noise and turmoil of war: it was the cottage of Glenwarsing, situated in a grove of poplars. Its inmates were an old lady and her daughter. The husband and parent was slain during the French war, at the bloody battle with the French and Indians near fort Du Quesne, where the cool intrepidity of Washington first showed itself. The old lady had passed the meridian of life; but the daughter, like the first rose

told that the murderer was slain, for it was crimsoned with his blood. He turned from the field, leaving his soldiers to pursue his victory, and returned to the house.

When the funeral procession was formed, he followed as a mourner to the grave ; the bloody sword was buried by the side of the coffin, and when the people returned to their homes, he lingered behind. He would wander to the grave, day after day, and tell to the passing stranger the true love of Matilda.

Grief like his could not last long ; and the last painful tribute was paid, by conducting him to the silent grave.

I have since wandered to the church-yard, while the roses were yet blooming around, the twining ivy was linked together over the spot where they reposed, as if to unite in the grave those whom death had separated on earth.

EOBERT.

THE WANDERER.

Though love is warm awhile,
Soon it grows cold;
Absence soon blights the smile,
Ere love grows old.

FAITHLESS EMMA.

" I wandered once at break of day,
" While yet upon the sunless sea
" In wanton sighs the breeze delay'd.
" And o'er the wavy surface play'd."

It was a summer morning—the sun had not yet tinged the eastern horizon with its mellow beams—the noisy world was slumbering on the downy lap of comfort, and pensive silence reigned almost supreme over nature's matchless works—scarce a sound was heard, save the soft silver music of the birds, as they skipped from bough to bough, and the gentle rustling of the truant zephyrs as they whistled among the foliage of the groves, or sported upon the glassy surface of the boundless ocean, which spread its pure

broad bosom beneath his feet—the dew glittered like diamonds, upon every bud and flower—the pale modest lily, and the sweet unassuming morning-glory, were dressed in tears, the beautiful emblems of neglected woman. Claudius paused to muse upon the richness and variety of the scene.

Who could look upon a spectacle so full of “natural glory,” and not contemplate with wonder and admiration, the unbounded goodness and perfection of that Being whose omnipotent hand had made them? Claudius’ fancy took its flight on the balmy wing of morning, to that mansion, where, on his “royal rainbow, diadem throne,” the supreme Grand Founder of the universe presides.

Never did his bosom glow with more fervent gratitude than at this interesting moment. He held communion with the God of Nature! and discoursed with Him until he was lost in wonder, admiration, and delight.

But the changing busy mind turns from one object to another swifter than thought, and bowing himself in adoration of the Deity, the eye of Claudius rested on a rose-tree which he had not before observed. Its uncommon beauty attracted him to the spot where it grew, and he almost unconsciously plucked one of its most blooming flowers from its stem. For some moments he stood scanning the exquisite perfection of its tints, its shades, and construction, when he marked its gradual decay—there was something so unexpected and painful in the sight, that his mind involuntarily reverted to the condition of those hapless beings, who, like the rose he had stolen, have been as thoughtlessly torn from their parent tree, and wasted by the ruthless hand of the cruel spoiler—he wept—he knew not why.

The prostrate ruins of this fragrant flower lay before him, and turning from the spot, Claudius hurried away, almost angry with himself that an incident so trifling in its nature should make any impression upon him.

“Procrastination is the thief of time” says Young, and he says truly, for the distant bell of some village spire announced the hour of eight, before he was aware of it, and he accordingly bent his steps, as he imagined, towards his home.

In his wanderings he mistook the road, and pursued a path which led him out of his way several miles. Discovering his error, and finding himself at the foot of a high mountain, he ascended its lofty summit, in order to ascertain whither he had strayed—not far beneath him stood a little cottage, overgrown with wild flowers. Its situation was secluded, and its appearance romantic.

“Perhaps the inhabitants of that dwelling can give me the information I require,” thought he, and slowly descending the mountain, he inadvertently overstepped a small precipice, and in the fall was deprived of his senses.

When he revived to a state of consciousness he found himself in bed, surrounded by attendants—his head pillowed on the bosom of an old lady, while a beautiful, delicate female was bathing his temples.

“Where am I?” said he, “and who are those around me?”

The old lady replied, “In Richmond cottage; and those around thee, young gentleman, are thy friends—thy preservers.”

Claudius took the hand of her who was chafing his forehead, pressed it to his heart, and faintly asked, “What angel is this?”

“My daughter Emma—sir—but don’t fatigue yourself by inquiries—when you are better we will inform you of every thing”—then laying his head on the pillow, she advised him to be composed, and address himself to sleep.

By slow degrees he grew better, but it was nearly

a month before the physician would permit him to leave his chamber. It was here

“That first the fairest face he knew,
“First lov’d the eye of softest blue;
“And ventur’d fearful, first to sip
“The sweets that hung upon the lip
“Of faithless Emma.”

During his sickness Emma had been his constant attendant, and her own little hands had ministered to his necessities. A noble nature like his was not insensible to the honour and the obligation conferred, and he felt within his bosom a more generous feeling kindling than even that of gratitude—it was love—pure, holy love—he felt—nay, he knew, she loved him in return—her dark blue eyes had told him so, her every action had confessed it.

Being perfectly recovered, Claudius and Emma were straying in the garden one afternoon, admiring the handy work of nature, and examining the properties and beauties of the various plants, when Emma plucked a rose and a lily, which she gave to Claudius. As he received her present, his eye was fixed on her sweetly interesting face, and he could not avoid remarking the resemblance between the flowers he held in his hand and the colour of her modest cheek,

“So mixt the rose and lily white,
“That nature seem’d uncertain quite,
“To deck her cheek, what flower she’d choose,
“The lily or the blushing rose.”

Claudius remained at Richmond cottage for nearly a month after he had entirely recovered. He had made the necessary proposals of marriage, which were accepted by Emma, and sanctioned by her parents. Nothing remained to unite them but the possession of his fortune, which was to be the means of blessing both.

But alas! ill star’d youth! never were you to experience the delight of wedded love, and little did you dream that you would ever have cause to utter

“I wish I ne’er had seen her eye,
“Ne’er seen her cheek of doubtful die,
“And never, never dared to sip
“The sweets that hung upon the lip
“Of faithless Emma.”

Things were thus situated when the shrill clarion of war summoned Claudius to the field. Columbia’s sword was unsheathed, and her banner floated in the breeze—her sons had rallied round her to contend for freedom, and to earn a birth-right for succeeding generations. Already had the foemen stained the soil with the print of their hireling feet—and the “spirit stirring drum” called loudly to arms.

It was a painful task to take leave of Emma—but his country called, and she must be obeyed. Her struggle would soon be ended, and he would return to bless her and be blessed. Many were the vows that they exchanged—

“And Claudius,” said Emma, “will you be constant?—will you return to her whose heart bleeds to part with you—whose life depends on yours?—Will you still love me, Claudius?”

“Yes, by yon starry canopy,” answered Claudius, “by my country’s honour, and my own; nor time, nor circumstance, shall alter my affection—be true to me, Emma, and we must be happy—should you be false—but I cannot—will not doubt you—remember Emma, if I lose thee I am lost.”

“Never—never—never”—answered Emma firmly—“will I be untrue!”

“Soul of excellence,” exclaimed Claudius—and as he clasped her to his bosom for the last time, a tear stood in her eye, which told the deep affection of her heart—“Nay, grieve not, Emma, I will soon return”—he pressed her hand—adieu died on his quivering lip, and they parted—for ever!

Many were the battles in which Claudius wielded the sword for freedom—and many the victories achieved by his daring bravery and enterprise. He was the idol of the army, and the favourite of Washington! There were none more generous to a pros-

trate foe, none that wore the laurel leaf more like a soldier.

At length the “dove of peace, descended from the heavens, and spread over victorious America her downy pinions.” Claudius retired from the army, and returned, crowned with the wreath of glory, to that blessed, blessed cottage, where her he loved most ardently was to greet him, and strew his path with flowers—he arrives at the door—his hand is on the latch—he enters—his heart bounds high with ecstasy—his whole soul is absorbed in Emma—his eye searches in every direction for her lovely form—she does not come to welcome him—he inquires with faltering speech for her—he grows bewildered with suspense—he searches the house, and pronounces her name—she does not answer—at length grown wild with anxiety, he sinks into a chair and inquires of her father—the whole horrible truth bursts upon him—she is—married!

The blow was too much, and he, who had conquered heroes, was subdued by a woman; his nerves were unstrung—his heart was full—hope fled his bosom—despair took up her lasting residence there—and he, who had ever been the darling child of joy, was now the veriest wretch that moved—he was never known to smile afterwards—nor to speak of Emma—but in his mutterings to himself—you would have thought he had forgotten her, had he not often sighed, and roamed near the cottage. There he would muse for hours on his cruel destiny.

“For though from rosy dawn of day,
“I roam along, and anxious stray,
“Till night, with curtains dark descend,
“And day no more her gleamings lend;
“Yet still like her’s no cheek I find,
“Like her’s no eye—save in my mind,
“For still I fancy that I sip
“The sweets that hung upon the lip
“Of faithless Emma.”

His strength gradually decayed, and he now sleeps beneath “the clods of the valley”—no stone consecrates the spot that received his remains; but his memory is cherished by all who knew him, and “tears, big tears, that seldom wet the soldier’s lid”—were shed for the fate of the brave though unfortunate Claudius.

GEORGE.

is disgraceful in the human character; more stuff; empty chaff; lighter than the paper that is made the vehicle of their deceit, without its purity.

The widow Tripit flitted by my window—a sprightly knock summoned the servant to the door—"I am not at home this morning, Susan." I am honest and consistent, you see. I will not spare my wife, although I expect a curtain lecture if she detects my scribbling.—The servant entered with a card.—"I thought, my dear, you were not on the most intimate terms with the widow T. since the disclosure of Mary Blab?" "We are not, my dear, (said she) but we leave our cards," handing me the one just received. "By my leger," said I, "it blushes." "You are satirical, my dear, it is rose paper." "Very appropriate paper," said I, "it ought to be in more general use [taking up Dr. Chargewell's bill, which I had just paid] with professional men, as well as professional women."

This card-leaving custom, conferred to its legitimate use, to obviate the carelessness or forgetfulness of servants, is certainly very proper and convenient; but when made the instrument of idle ceremony and deceitful professions, it is certainly reprehensible, and may be classed with the follies and crimes of the age.

"I'LL LEAVE MY CARD."

The present may, with much propriety, be styled the age of heartlessness. Empty ceremony and heartless formality have usurped the place of friendly attentions and social intercourse. Modern politeness is exactly opposed to sincerity. There seems to be a tacit understanding between man and man, woman and woman, to deceive and be deceived; and he who plays off these counterfeit tricks the most adroitly, is the most polished and polite.

Walking the other day with a friend, or with one who makes friendly pretensions, "If you will excuse me a moment," said he, "I will call on Mr. Clericus; he is out of town, I believe; I shall overtake you with a few steps." So saying, he took from his pocket a card-case—knocked at the door—made the accustomed inquiry, and handed his card to the servant. "Cancelled at a lucky moment," said he, when he had overtaken me; "I always observe great punctuality in returning the civilities of my friends."—"But why," I inquired, "did you call on Mr. C. when you knew he was not at home?"—"Oh!" exclaimed he, "it answers every purpose of a visit, and is far less trouble: he is vastly tedious; but I was in debt to him on the score of civilities." This paper currency, I find, is in general circulation; the sterling coin of real friendship has become scarce; now and then we meet with a few antiquated pieces, but they are pretty much out of date. "Ma'am," said the Misses Stylishes, "we shall go out this morning, and make calls; the day is fine, and ladies will generally be out; the Misses Oldates are on a journey to the White Hills; Miss Mantrium returns soon from Newburyport, and Miss Trimarket is staying in Boston."—"You can leave my card," said the mother, with matronly honesty, "at Mr. Homebread's and Mrs. Starchap's, if they happen not be at home, the servant will not notice the mistake."

Now I am strongly opposed to all this from moral considerations. The young are instructed in dissimulation and insincerity; servants are taught to reconnoitre at the porch window and prevaricate. The human character is sufficiently bad, it much needs amendment. Let the circle of one's friends be small if he chooses; but let it be hearty and genuine with those who profess to be united in the silken bands of friendship. All this cold ceremony is downright mockery of all that is open, fair and honourable; it

THE CABINET.

Oh could we see our loves as reason sees,
What ugly falls would we escape sometimes;
And many who our reason seems to please,
We should find reason to avoid by-times.

INFATUATION.

Love makes e'en marriage sometimes a state of bliss.

THERE is nothing more common than to see boys, growing up to manhood, falling in love; their senses are charmed by the figure of some fair damsel; imagination lends her aid, and the pretty face, and "so so" form of his destined mistress, is at once transformed into the most lovely that were ever created.

I will not at present contend for the truth or fallacy of that hackneyed phrase, "Love's blind;" being free from the influence of that (sometimes) sacred passion. I care not whether we paint Love with a bandage of black silk round his eyes, or imagine him busily employed with a pair of spectacles on his nose. To these things I am perfectly indifferent, yet I am sometimes led into reflections on the nature and character of that prehin Cupid, from observing the various pranks which he is continually playing on some of my acquaintances. For instance,

I chanced not long since to be parading up and down Broadway, with an every-day friend, making remarks (do not frown, fair ladies!) on the various figures that passed us, when suddenly, my too susceptible companion saluted me with a most outrageous pinch:

"Lothario! Lothario! look there, did you ever see

so divine a creature?—Heavens! what eyes! what a form, what—"

"Where?" said I, looking in astonishment for the object in question, but totally unable to see any thing extraordinary.

"Why, there; you stupid blockhead, look in that window—that lady with a white hat and feathers."

My attention was drawn, from seeing Dick, who had now caught her eye, making a most obsequious bow, to a tall, thin, meagre-looking figure, set off with a large merino, a face with a very fine, satirical, discontented expression; little eyes, almost approaching to a squint, a profusion of hair twisted up in an innumerable quantity of frizzled curls, and the *tout-ensemble* hid in an immense white hat. I had hardly time for a full view, before Dick began:

"Now tell me candidly, Lothario, laying aside that detestible habit of quizzing that you are so fond of, tell me candidly, did you ever see a more perfect beauty?"

"Wh-e-ew! Dick," said I, "you're infatu—"

"Hang your quizzing," says Dick; "I tell you what, Lothario, she's a perfect beauty. Does not Virgil give his Camilla just such a form? Is there a more beautiful example of Moore's 'soft black eye?' Is not a Grecian profile by far the most elegant? Do not all poets sing of long black hair? You know that you are always repeating

Her long hair hid her face,
And its black curls, &c. &c.

and there it is for you in perfection—and then her—"

"For heavens sake stop," cried I, almost exhausted at the rapid rate in which his encomiums flowed down upon me—"I admit it all, she's lovely as the blushing morn, as light and airy as Camilla—Moore never imagined any thing like her eye, (I'll venture to say he never did, thinks I to myself,) her profile is perfectly *a la Grecque*—I admit every thing, only for pity's sake stop."

Dick was satisfied, and we walked on quite composedly until we reached my door, when we parted. Dick shortly after engaged himself to his *Grecian beauty*—I met him yesterday, his rueful countenance was lengthened an inch or two, and grew still longer as I rallied him about his approaching marriage.

"A truce with your nonsense," he began, "what a d—l of a situation I've placed myself in! Here I am, Lothario, engaged to Fanny B. and here is her sister Jane just come from the boarding-school—the most lovely creature I ever saw—and the worst of it is she's been making love to me ever since! Wh-e-w! Fanny's nothing to compare to her."

"Here's a pretty business," said I; "so you have discovered the defects of perfection, and want to be off. Dick, I say, boy, when are you going to be married?"

"Next Tuesday. Heigh-ho!"—

"Very well," said I, "I've no notion of so much inconstancy, so I'll e'en blast your love for Miss Jane before that day comes."

The fact is, Jane was a beautiful girl, she pleased Dick, and the poor fellow imagined that the freedom and ease with which she received him as the intended husband of her sister, was nothing more or less than a hint that she was in love with him.

But I was better acquainted with the state of the case. Charles S. a friend of mine, became intimate with Jane in Philadelphia—paid his addresses to her, and was accepted as her future protector.—They had heard of the intended marriage of Fanny B. and agreed to have their nuptials celebrated at the same time and place.

Dick and my Philadelphia friend had never met.—I proposed that we should pay some visits—he acceded, and I hurried him off immediately to Charles's

loelings, and then introduced him to "the intended husband of Jane B." This cooled him off entirely ; he had too much honour to address Jane, or discard Fanny, and he was determined to perform his engagement, even though he can only esteem her as a friend.

LOTHARIO.

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THE STORM.

"Where liquid mountains fiercely break:"

KATE.

If in this world of breathing harm,
There lurk one universal charm,
One power, which to no clime confined,
Sways either sex, and every mind;
Which cheers the monarch on his throne,
The slave beneath the torrid zone;
The soldier rough—the lettered sage,
And careless youth, and helpless age,
And all that live, and breathe, and move,—
'Tis the pure bliss of infant love!—BLANCH.

CHARLES SEDGWICK, at the age of sixteen, had left America for the great metropolis of the eastern world. He had spent three years in the fashionable circles of London, when his occupation permitted him to revisit his native land. For some time after he arrived on board the ship that was to bear him from scenes he so well remembered and so much loved, he forgot the pleasure of revisiting the new, in the pain of departing from the old world. His thoughts and affections clung to the land he was leaving, and it seemed more dear to him because he might behold it no more.

There were several other passengers moving along the deck, as the noble vessel rode proudly over the waves; the masts creaked, as they bent before the gale, and there was all the bustle of shouting commands, and hastily obeying them: but he heeded them not. He stood leaning on the rail at the stern, to watch the land that was fast disappearing from his view; and as the Welsh coast was more faintly seen in the distance, soon shining like a light cloud in the horizon, and then its last blue vestiges fading away—there came that swelling in the throat—that full tenderness of the heart, that makes us ready to weep at any thing—that dull, deep melancholy, that, though fleeting, will sometimes darken the young hopes of youth into temporary despair.

The terrible effects of the sea soon compelled him to fling himself into his birth, and he felt that he would be glad to die. But these were the suggestions of a dull spirit; and when, after a few days, his appetite returned, and he came upon deck and saw the wide ocean heaving and swelling around, he wondered how

he could have harboured sentiments so unmanly. His disposition was naturally gay; and when health recalled the colour to his cheek, and made his eye sparkle with its accustomed brilliancy, his good nature began to appear by his kind attentions to every one around.

He had been familiar with the highest company during his stay in England; and had there acquired a polish, a fascination of manner, which, when joined to his native goodness of heart, soon made him the favourite of all on board. There was poetry, too, in his nature. He delighted to call the attention of his companions to the fleecy clouds, that stretched their white folds in so many shapes as they floated calmly and steadily on in the still air—or lay in rich heaps, like huge banks of snow, or mountains of gold, bright and beautiful in the rays of the summer sun. Sometimes he remarked the white spray, that frothed and foamed before the bows of the vessel, as she bounded over the liquid waste that separated him from his native land—and again his eye would be fixed in meditation on the wide expanse that lay stretched around him, and his fancy ranged far beneath, to the very bottom of the great sea—amidst huge rocks, and mighty caves, and beds of coral, and remnants of wrecks, and all the mysteries of that unsearched solitude.

"Perhaps even now," thought he, "some great animal—some tremendous snake, is dragging his ponderous folds beneath my feet; or some misshapen monster, whose home is far from the light of heaven and the scenes of this world, is cleaving the water amidst wonders too great for the fancy of man."

He remembered, too, the tales of the mermaid, that rides silently on the surface, or floats far beneath, with her cold, strange, unmeaning eyes gazing around.

When he spoke of these things, and sometimes almost unconsciously expatiated on the wonders of the deep, with the rich eloquence of his young enthusiasm, more than one eye was fixed in admiration on him, and all ears caught his words with delight.

Among the passengers were a Mrs. B. and her child Catharine. These were hastening to visit Mr. B. who had been long in America, on ~~important~~ ^{business}. Catharine might have been about ~~three~~ ^{three} years of age. It is almost useless to attempt a description of her: we might indeed speak of her rich golden hair, parted in glossy ringlets on her fair forehead, and falling in shining luxuriance about a neck as pure as the drifted snow—we might describe her eye, "so darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," and sparkling with all the intelligence of youth—and her rosy lip, wearing a smile to "fascinate sages," and opening but to speak the expressions of her artless affections. We might paint the whole outline of her angel face and form, but the reader could not behold her as she was. She seemed created perfect in body and soul—knowing not, fearing not, the dark misfortunes of life—unacquainted with the very existence of guilt, and fondly believing the world to be the fairy paradise it seemed to her. She was just at that age when her mind was unfolding its sparkling beauties—when her young spirit was just brightening into thought and affection: like the rose in the morning, as it lifts its blushing head all beautiful in its own tenderness, before the sun has withered away its freshness, or any rude gale swept the perfume from its bosom. Such was Catharine B. She had attracted much attention, but she took particular pleasure in pursuing her little sports with Charles; and he, ardent in his disposition, and strong in his attachments, soon became so delighted with his little companion, that they were seldom separated. She was different from all other company; so void of ceremony, and constrained politeness, and cold conversation, that time flew on golden wings when they were sporting together; and they laughed and romped away the hours without a sign of tedium. There was no hypocrisy in her bosom, or no concealment of sentiment; it was not sa-

crilege to touch her lip; if he told her she did not love him, her little blue eyes would fill with tears, even at the doubting of her affection; and when he would fold her to his bosom, ask her to kiss and make up, her beautiful lip was put forth, her arms flung affectionately around his neck, she would clamber on his knee—and they were friends again.

There is an unsuspecting purity in such a being—a charm—so novel, so perfectly different from the cold, selfish, interested friendships of many older than her, that Charles soon became uneasy unless in her company. He called her his little wife—his beautiful Kate—and she, as if she possessed all the timid blushing consciousness of love, would bound into his arms, and hide her rosy cheek in his bosom. She seemed to love him with an instinctive affection, and with all the silent strength of a woman's love.

Such was their situation when thirty days had elapsed, and land was every hour expected to rise into view. They retired to rest on the evening of the thirtieth day, under the delightful expectation of awakening within sight of the western world. Charles long pressed his pillow before his thoughts would permit him to sleep. At last, however, repose weighed upon his eyelids: his ideas became more confused; dreams chased each other through his mind. Sometimes he saw Catharine on the mast head, falling into the sea—then she fell into the wave, and he thought a shark, with distended jaws, was cleaving his way towards her and he could not move to her assistance. At last he beheld images in his sleep, shouting, and gnashing their teeth, and his dreams all told a disturbed imagination, until he awoke.

A loud and incessant noise made him spring from his berth. A creaking of masts—a pulling of ropes—a roaring of winds—splash of waves—and the violent motion of the ship, made him comprehend that they were in a storm. He dressed himself as well as he could in the rocking vessel, and went up on deck. Here all was confusion—a mingled tumult of storm and shouts; the wind blew with terrible force—the rain fell in torrents—and lightning seemed to rend asunder the thick black clouds that hung over their heads. All hands were on deck—sailors and passengers shrunk from the bright glaring flashes that quivered in forked streaks along the sky; and the bravest heart felt how feeble an atom is man amidst the crash of thunders that roared and echoed around. The ship creaked and rolled, and seemed yielding to the waves, and the water burst over the deck, foaming, and curling, and dashing, with tremendous violence.

No one but those who have actually experienced it, can conceive the sickening terrors of a moment like this. By the flashes of lightning, Charles could perceive his companions, and among them, Mrs. B. pressing to her bosom his pretty Kate. She was alone; and the young hero was soon at her side. She seized him by the arm, and was about to entrust to him her child, when—at the moment he was receiving her in his arms, the tenfold blackness around was brightened by a gleam of unearthly lustre—it seemed as if the heavens were wrapped in lightnings; a tremendous crash accompanied it; the loud concussion of the thunder shook the very sea; the fire, with the rapidity of thought, sprang quivering from the clouds—its livid streak fell upon the mast, and cleft it into a thousand splinters; it crashed to the vessel side. The rain descended with increased violence; a huge billow came tumbling towards them, the frequent lightning shone upon the moving mountain, and it lifted its gigantic bosom—whilst the foam already curled on its breaking summit.

With an instinctive effort of preservation, Charles caught the sail—the thunder roared—and the wave came—and creation seemed annihilated with the tremendous crash that ensued. The ship was completely

overwhelmed. Charles found himself near being swept away. Catharine was hurled from his arms. The horrible certainty that she must perish, passed through his brain, but life was dear to him. He hugged the object on which he held for an instant with convulsive strength, and the wave passed away.

It was at that moment that a repeated flash of lightning illuminated the scene, and he beheld his little Kate clinging with feeble strength to the side of the ship. Her beautiful ringlets were dripping and streaming in the wind, and her fairy form disappeared from his view.

The faculties of our minds are wonderfully quick. For the single moment during which she remained, many a wild thought whirled through his brain. His first impulse was to spring to her assistance; but it seemed almost impossible to save her. There was no virtue in sacrificing his life for nothing. He might not—nay, he could not be successful. But would he see his beautiful Kate perish without an effort to rescue her? Kate, so fair, so innocent a being, who had loved him with all the affection of her young heart—who had clambered on his knee—who had kissed him in her fondness, and clung for safety to his bosom—Must she be torn away? her angel form float in the dark sea, and the ruthless monsters of the ocean prey on her remains? He stood for the moment in an agony of suspense; but the shriek of the mother rose above all other sounds. It rung in his ear. He sprang from his situation—an irresistible power led him on—he mounted the vessel's side—caught a glimpse of her golden head amidst the white waves around, and flung himself headlong into the boiling sea. There was a confused crash as he did so. The sky seemed bursting into flames. The thunder roared. The black vessel passed swiftly away; the shrieks and shouts grew more distant. He grasped the sinking Catharine with triumph, but his triumph was mingled with despair. He had seized a piece of timber washed from the ship, and with one arm around it, and the other closely embracing Kate. He was tossed on the black sea, in vain shouting for assistance.

He hallooed with all his might for them to fling him a rope—that the child was safe—was in his arms—and unless they would send him help, they would perish together. Often he thought he heard an answer, or saw a shadow deeper than the rest, that marked the spot where the ship was, but he was mistaken. A gleam of lightning enabled him to discover the black hulk indistinct in the distance, tossing and rolling, and breaking with the fury of the storm. Directly his shouts were changed to shrieks—long, loud, and unnatural; and his brain whirled—his eyes flashed fire—his form seemed to swell to the size of a mountain—and he felt like a shapeless mass floating in fire—until his distracted senses gave way, and he fainted.

He awoke from his trance on a sandy shore. The waves were breaking by his side, and the sea swelled and heaved with the agitation of the recent storm. The sky was clear; not a cloud floated in its starry vault. The moon rode serenely on the arched expanse, and the milky way stretched its soft bosom along the heavens, and glittered with millions of worlds.

Charles attempted to recollect the circumstances of his peril; a dim, dark shadow hung over much of it; he remembered the springing into the sea, but all after was chaos. Catharine was yet in his arms—her head rested on his bosom—and the young man felt his spirits come, as he hoped he had preserved her. He turned her beautiful face towards him, but she was pale and lifeless. He looked at her, but her eye did not sparkle out her infant love; he spoke to her, but her lip was cold and still. He arose to seek for help, and instead of bounding after him, as she was wont to, her lovely form lay motionless on the white sand. He caught her to his bosom, and sought some place for assistance.

The warmth of his breath recalled some signs of life. The water she had drank poured from her mouth—with a deep sigh she moved her hand. Trembling with hope, Charles stopped, and knelt down on the shore. Her lips moved—a faint streak of colour brightened in her cheek, and she opened her eyes.

She gazed a moment on her preserver—he pressed her to his heart—her eyes filled with tears—she clung yet closer to his bosom, and he felt that she would live.

He arrived at a habitation as the morning began to break away the shadows of night. As he approached, he heard much tumult within, lights were moving backward and forward before the windows. He opened the door, and perceived a crowd of persons in the room—sailors, whom he had seen before—the captain of the vessel—some of the passengers—met his astonished view; and in the farther part of the room, supported by several women, stood Mrs. B. her eyes filled with tears, and her countenance exhibiting every indication of sorrow.

As the door opened, all turned to view the stranger. The youth, pale and exhausted, with dripping garments and weakened limbs, and bearing his rescued Kate in his arms, started at the sight; but Mrs. B.—the mother—the despairing, disconsolate mother—when she saw the infant form of Catharine, started from all support—flung forth her arms towards her daughter, and uttered a shriek that made her companions start, and the room ring again. They laid the child on her bosom, and she embraced it with an affection that called moisture into every eye. The women wept—tears stood trembling on the sailors' cheeks—and the captain, who had for twenty years buffeted the sorrows of life, dashed away the drop that did him honour.

The whole house was filled with the tumult of the mother's happiness. There was no thanking—no compliments on brave deeds—during that night; but when her emotions had a little subsided, and she could kiss her recovered child with calmness, she took the hand of Charles, and attempted to speak: her voice trembled—her eye moistened—she looked at him—and the good-hearted youth wept for joy. F.

THE LANDSCAPE.

Perhaps there is no country on earth that possesses such sublime scenery as America. The mighty stream, called Hudson River, has some of the most picturesque and beautiful views I ever beheld. To witness them only, is well worth a voyage across the Atlantic ocean.— BRITISH TRAVELLER.

LITTLE FALLS AT LUZERNE.

THE interest which these Falls are calculated to excite, is not awakened by their magnitude, which entitles them to a very limited degree of distinction, but by the picturesque character of the scenery by which they are surrounded, and which is admirably preserved in the annexed picture. The large house on the rock, belongs to Mr. Rockwell, a gentleman of property, and a magistrate; and the buildings on the edge of the Fall, are two saw-mills, which bear about them the marks of considerable antiquity. The river, in this place, narrows very perceptibly; and the calm clearness of the water above the Falls, the artist has finely and very effectively contrasted with the agitated, foamy, and turbid surface beneath. The mountains, in this section of the country, are not a continued line of unbroken ridge, but a distinct succession of abrupt, and almost angular acclivities, covered with the unrelieved verdure of boundless woods, and rising beyond each other in all varieties of shapes and elevations, until they fade away, and are blended into the cerulean dimness of the distant horizon. These marked and irregular summits, abounding in the panorama of the country, create in their frequent intervals, a thousand romantic glens and ravines, surpassing each other in wildness, and giving to the *tout-ensemble* of the landscape, a character of darkness and dreariness, amidst which the most morbid imagination might roam and revel with unqualified delight.

About a quarter of a mile below these Falls, the union of the Hudson and Sacandaga takes place in a deep cavity of the mountains, worn down to its present depth by the ceaseless and powerful currents of a hundred ages. The foreground of this picture is rugged and rocky, very difficult of access, and, in some places, dangerous; and the deep shadow thrown over it is well relieved by the light, liquid, transparent tints of the spray below, and the water above the Fall; and the partial sun-light which scatters an airy cheerfulness over the more distant high grounds. Cloudy effects, with brief sunny reliefs, are admirably calculated for the greater part of the scenery of the Hudson; as clear, warm, and azure skies are indispensable to a correct and satisfactory delineation of Italian scenery; and it is in the judicious selection and application of his effects that the genius of the artist is to be traced, as much as in the truth and proportion of his outlines, and the fitness and beauty of his colouring.

THE CABINET.

Truth severe by fiction dressed.

LOVE AND PRIDE.

Alexander Gordon, the heir of a noble Scottish house, loved the beautiful Lillian Murray. Lillian's father, an eminent Edinburgh barrister, knew of the affection which had long subsisted between his daughter and young Gordon, and waited with some anxiety for the term, when a formal declaration should leave him at liberty to speak on the subject. At length the lover, though scarcely turned twenty, and entirely dependent on his father, found it impossible to restrain the expression of his passion, and after having heard from the guileless lips of his sweet Lillian, the confirmation of his hopes, he sought her father, and in a modest, yet firm, manner, laid before him his plans and his prospects, and requested his consent to an union with his daughter.

Mr. Murray, although a very proud man, was a very fond father, and felt secretly delighted with the brilliant lot which seemed opening upon his daughter; yet he spoke calmly and coolly to Gordon, and told him that the consent of his own friends must be indispensable, and that until that was obtained, he could give no reply on the subject.

"Oh! sir," said Gordon, "you know I am an only son, and my father had never crossed me in any thing. I have no fears on that head. Only tell me that I may hope for your sanction, and my happiness will be completed."

"Young man," said Mr. Murray, "you come of a haughty race; my family, though ancient and respectable, is not noble; and it is well known that your father is not wholly free from the prejudices of his family. However, I will not damp your hopes. Seek your father, and if he does not object, Lillian is yours."

The warm heart of Gordon bounded within him, when he heard these words, and he left the presence of Mr. Murray, buoyant with hope and expectation. His father lived at some distance from Edinburgh, and after a long and lonely ride, to the paternal mansion, during which the tumult of his joyous feelings had subsided into a train of serious reflection, poor Gordon found that he had been looking rather too much on the bright side of things. He recollected that his father's greatest fault was an inordinate family pride; and he felt something very like a fear, that even the claims of his elegant and dignified Lillian might not have sufficient power to set aside the prejudices which were so strongly interwoven with the very being of his haughty family.

With a beating heart, he knocked at the door of his father's library, and when after the first salutations had passed, he attempted to speak on the subject, which occupied his thoughts, and his emotions almost choked him. His father, astonished at such unusual

symptoms, overwhelmed him with questions, and thus afforded him an opportunity of relieving his mind.

It was not till he had entirely finished, that he ventured to raise his eyes to his father's face. What was his horror, when he perceived in it an expression of the deepest contempt, mingled with the most extravagant anger. Some moments elapsed, before the indignant old gentleman found breath and words to express his feelings. When he did, his answer was such as dissipated in a moment, all the fairy visions which had been formed in the mind of Gordon, by Lillian's bright eyes, and he concluded by informing his son with better coolness, that when he married the vulgar daughter of a poor Edinburgh lawyer, he might consider himself cut off from the Gordon family, as far as a father's curse could remove him. In short, his expressions cut to the very heart of his son, and at length young Gordon rushed from the house, vowing never to enter it again.

He returned to Edinburgh, almost distracted, and went immediately to the house of Mr. Murray, where he recounted the ill success of his expedition. Mr. Murray, although in his inmost soul he felt nearly as much chagrined and disappointed, as did poor Gordon himself, absolutely refused to allow Lillian to receive his visits with any idea of their ever being united. In vain did the lover remonstrate, in vain did he represent, that in one year more he should be of age, and able to marry, independently of his father. Mr. Murray was firm in his determination. "My daughter, Mr. Gordon, shall never enter any family as an inferior. I will not see her drooping under the scorn of your proud relatives, or suffering from their haughty avoidance."—Nor could all the entreaties of the unhappy Gordon induce him to retract this resolution.

Lillian Murray had spirit and dignity; but she was a woman, and loved with all the tenderness of which woman is capable. The intelligence, that she must never again see Gordon as a lover, came over her spirit with the devastating influence of a whirlwind. The delicious dreams of a deep love had been attended with perfect security, for neither of the young lovers had ever thought of the obstacles which family pride might throw in the way of their permanent union, and the susceptible heart of the youthful Lillian sunk under so terrible a disappointment. A fit of illness was the consequence; and for several weeks, the fond father watched beside the bed of his only daughter, with feelings which may be better imagined than described. Many, many times did his resolution almost give way, when he met the vacant eye of his unfortunate child, as she lay in helpless delirium. At intervals, her senses returned, and during those times she seemed incessantly watching the door, as if expecting to see the countenance of her lover among the kind and anxious faces which approached her bed. But Gordon, although he came almost hourly to the house, was positively forbidden to enter, and was obliged merely to hear from servants the frequent variations which took place in the symptoms of his Lillian's disorder.

At length her senses returned permanently, and in a few weeks she was able to leave her room; but her father could not disguise from himself that the bloom of her cheek, the lustre of her eye, the elasticity of her step, had disappeared. With fond solicitude he proposed to her to pay a visit to an aunt of his, who lived at some distance from the city, hoping that the salubrious air, and active occupations of the country might be the means of re-establishing the health and spirits of his child.

Lillian consented, without opposition, for the world was alike to her, and in a few days she left Edinburgh for the residence of Mrs. Sinclair. Mr. Murray accompanied her thither, and before he left her, he called her aunt aside, and stating to her the situation in

which Lillian stood, obtained from her a promise that Gordon should be refused admittance to her house, in case he should attempt to see Lillian there. This done, he returned to Edinburgh, after charging Lillian to look as bright and happy as ever, before he saw her again. Poor Lillian said nothing, but the tear started to her eye, and she felt for a moment, as if her father had offered his only daughter a sacrifice to pride; but her gentle nature soon repelled these bitter thoughts, and she recollected, though with anguish, that her father had only been acting in the way which he imagined would be most conducive to her happiness.

Lillian's only brother, a fine young officer, of five and twenty, had been for sometime absent with his regiment, and he now wrote her that he should be at home for a few days, in the course of the following week. This intelligence seemed to act as a cordial to the drooping spirits of Lillian. She loved her brother with tenderest affection, and she felt as if the sight of one so dearly loved, and so long absent, might almost make up to her for the loss even of Gordon himself. But this did not last long. After the first delightful surprise, which the news had given her, subsided, her dejection returned, and she seemed almost as absent and melancholy as before.

In the mean while, Gordon, who had heard of her departure from Edinburgh, determined upon making one more effort to obtain a sight of his adored Lillian, and for this purpose followed her to —. By some mistake he was admitted, and shown into the very room where Lillian sat with her aunt and cousins.

Lillian, who had scarcely yet recovered from her indisposition, fell senseless on the floor, almost as soon as her lover entered the room; and this circumstance gave Mrs. Sinclair an excuse for having her removed immediately. Miss Sinclair and her sister retired to attend their cousin, and Mrs. Sinclair finding herself alone with Gordon, stated to him the promise she had given to Mr. Murray, and informed him that she was under the absolute necessity of declining his visits for such times as Miss Murray remained at her house.

Distressed and confounded, Gordon left the house, and returned to the inn in despair. Yet, when he came to reflect, he recollected that Lillian had had no apparent share in this treatment of him, and he resolved that he would have his answer from her own lips. The pale and sunken cheek of Lillian, as she lay senseless on the floor, was continually before his eyes; yet distressing as was this image in itself, it always brought with it the delightful conviction that he was still beloved, and the enamoured Gordon could think of nothing else.

After watching round the house in disguise, for several days, he found means to convey to Lillian the following note.—"If Miss Murray ever felt the least interest in the unhappy Gordon, she will not refuse to receive his last farewell, before he leaves Scotland for ever. At sun-rise to-morrow morning, he will be at the lower garden-gate to wait her coming, or to die there, should she refuse to see him."

At length, as might be expected, Lillian consented to meet Gordon at the time and place appointed.

The next morning was beautifully bright, and at sun-rise, Lillian was on her way down stairs, when a bustle at the hall door alarmed her. She stopped to listen, and the next moment heard the gay voice of her brother, inquiring for Miss Murray. She flew down stairs, and in a moment was clasped in the arms of her brother.

After some moments spent in salutation, he told her that he arrived in Edinburgh the afternoon preceding, and that after a few hours repose, he had set out for —, rode all night, and meant to carry her back with him, in order that they might be all together during the few days he could remain with them.—"So

come, Lillian, dear," said he, "we will breakfast with aunt Sinclair, and set out immediately after." So saying, he hurried her off up stairs, to commence her preparations.

Lillian returned to her room, in an agony of fear and distress. How to fulfil her appointment with Gordon she knew not; yet she dared not go without seeing him, for she knew his impetuous nature, and dreaded the consequences of such a disappointment. After deliberating for some time, she at length resolved to run all risks, and for this purpose, having equipped herself with a large straw hat, she went softly down the back stair-case, and with a beating heart soon found herself in the garden. When she reached the spot, appointed for their meeting, she perceived Gordon in the disguise of a countryman, pacing to and fro, apparently in a state of distraction. He stood gazing at her a few moments with a sort of desperation. At length, in a voice rendered almost frightful by the excess of his emotion, "Miss Murray," said he, "I had almost ceased to hope for this condescension."—"Gordon," said she, "if you loved me, you could not speak to me thus; when I have risked so much too."

She said no more; for Gordon bursting into tears, wept bitterly. Lillian's tender heart could not stand this; and for one moment, a woman's weakness prevailed. At that moment she could have consented to give up all, even her dear father, for one whom she felt to be still dearer. But she soon recollected herself, and told Gordon that she could not stay with him a moment, mentioning the arrival of her brother, and her intended departure for Edinburgh.—"You shall not go," said Gordon; "fly with me this moment; in two hours you will be my wife. Your father will forgive you when he finds you are irrevocably mine. Oh! Lillian," continued he passionately, "if you loved me, you could not refuse."—Poor Lillian stood the very image of distress and irresolution.—Transported beyond himself, he caught her slender form in his arms, and attempted to run with her to the carriage, which he had in waiting at a little distance from the spot, when suddenly some one exclaimed, "hold! rascal!" and he received a violent blow from behind. He turned and felled the intruder to the earth.

It was William Murray, who had been looking for Lillian, and being informed by some of the servants that she had been seen going into the garden, had followed her thither. With a loud shriek, Lillian exclaimed, "You have killed my brother!" and sunk senseless to the earth. The horror-struck Gordon, in this moment of unutterable agony, felt the punishment of his rashness. He raised the lifeless form of William from the ground, and attempted to restore that animation which might be only suspended, but in vain; the gallant young soldier never breathed again. Gordon, who possessed uncommon size, and great muscular strength, had inflicted a wound on the temple which occasioned instant death. When he found that Murray was indeed dead, with all the cruelty of desperate madness he caught up Lillian, who just began to recover her senses, and placing her against the trunk of a tree, bade her stand and see him die.—The wretched Lillian, with glassy eyes, and limbs not yet restored to their functions, sank slowly down without power to utter a sound, though she saw her lover draw out a pistol, and placing the muzzle against his heart, put an end to an existence which he could not support under the consciousness that he had murdered the brother of the woman he loved. Well would it have been for the unhappy girl could she have died then, and there; but she lived and pined away, day by day, under her father's eyes, till the miserable old man felt, in the bitterness of his heart, as if his pride had been punished over and over again. At length, after lying for many days without speaking, she died, and Mr. Murray soon followed his daughter to the grave.

M.

THE CABINET.

Lightly thou say'st that woman's love is false,
The thought is false far—
For some of them are true as martyr's legends,
As full of suffering faith, of burning love,
Of high devotion, worthier heaven than earth—
Oh I do know a tale —————

MARY.

Money, thou bane of bliss, thou source of woe,
From whence sprang'st thou, thou art so fresh and fine?
I know thy parentage is mean and low,
Man found thee poor, deep in a dirty mine.

It was a delightful evening—the sun had just sunk behind a confused heap of clouds that were beautifully fringed with the crimson of his departing rays.

There were several persons collected on the beach, listening to the harmony proceeding from a band on board one of the outward-bound ships, which were waiting for a fair wind—whilst the lowing of oxen, and a tinkling sheep's bell that was heard at intervals, produced an effect quite enchanting.

I had sauntered for more than an hour, enjoying the cool sea breeze, when on a sudden a gun was fired as a signal for sailing, the wind having taken a favourable change at sun-set. The music immediately ceased, and in a few minutes were heard the shrill whistle of the boatswain, and the responsive “Yo-heave-yo's” of those who were weighing their anchors. A general bustle took place on shore; officers and men soon appeared on the beach; their boats were unmoored, and with all speed they made for their respective ships.

Taking my stand near the only boat that remained, I found, from the conversation of its crew, that they were waiting for some one with much anxiety. This person I soon discovered making his approach with hurried and unequal step. He was a young man perhaps of twenty-five years, though I did not view him much. On his arm hung a female, who was exceedingly sorrowful; and well she might be, for she was just about to part with all that was dear to her on earth; perhaps to meet no more. As they came nearer the boat, their pace slackened, and Arthur, for that

was his name, appeared much agitated, and requested his beloved Mary to return. This was useless. She clung to him till they reached the very brink of that ocean, which in a few moments would cut off all communication. He inquired if all was ready? and being answered in the affirmative, he took the hand of Mary, and pressing it between both his own, he exclaimed, "May God bless you, my dear Mary!—farewell!" As the wild words fell from his lips, the tears flowed down his pale cheeks—'twas an affecting scene. But recollecting his duty, he sprang into the boat, and waving his hand to her, who was weeping near him, said, "Shove off."

I stood gazing after the boat till she disappeared in the gloom, and the dashing of oars could no longer be distinguished for the din which prevailed in the fleet.

On turning round, I perceived Mary a few paces from me, still looking in the direction of Arthur's boat. Observing that I noticed her, she began to retire—politeness urged me to step beside her; and, after an interchange of a few introductory words, I offered her my arm, which she accepted. I had often seen Mary previous to this. I now attempted to soothe her aching heart, and to comfort her by pointing to the day when he whom she loved would again return to make her happy—but I found all my endeavours were ineffectual. She possessed a strong presentiment of never again seeing him. She soon reached her father's house, at the door of which I left her, and retired to my own temporary abode, but not in very good spirits.

From my host I learned, that the father of Arthur "lived in the neighbourhood,"—that he was "a mercenary sort of man"—that he objected to his son's union with Mary "because she had no money;" and that he had obliged him to go abroad again, "hoping that change of scene, and other circumstances, would cause him to forget her." "But, (added my informant,) if he loves the girl, neither time nor distance will induce him to forget her; and I am sure there is not a better hearted, or more affectionate little creature, within twenty miles of the place."

The next morning I rose early and hastened to the shore, but not a vestige remained of the many noble looking ships which rode at anchor there on the preceding day.

The following summer it was my lot to be walking on the same beach as that on which Mary parted from her Arthur;—the events recurred afresh to my memory, and I almost fancied I again heard him say "farewell." I resolved to lose no time in making inquiry respecting this interesting couple. The reply I received was as follows:—"Arthur, a short time after he arrived at their destination, fell a victim to a malignant fever. This melancholy news was conveyed to Mary in as delicate a manner as possible, by one of her friends. She received it with resignation; but her frame had gradually decayed from the hour of his departure. Her heart was broken—and in one week after the communication of the gloomy tidings, the beloved Mary was no more!"—I was shown her grave—it had not long been made; I have often seen it since, but I can never pass it without thinking on that declaration of the Apostle—"the love of money is the root of all evil."

J. O. N. R.

THE RAMBLER.

O why should two fond hearts be torn
By avaricious hands asunder?
Why doom'd in wretchedness to mourn,
Till by the waves of grief o'erborne,
They sink in hopeless sorrow under?

MISERIES OF COURTSHIP.

The imaginary "*miserics of human life*" have long been, and still are, a prolific subject for the pen of the mock sentimentalist. Even *courtship*, which an elegant writer has declared to be the *happiest* period of our existence, is not exempt from its *miserics*, if the following complaints of a correspondent are supported by facts: but if all "the numerous ills which flesh is heir to," are met with the same spirit of *levity* which characterizes the following communication, we will insure him against *despair* and *suicide*, for a very moderate *premium*. But let him speak for himself.

At a party, the summer before last, I was introduced to a young lady, whose interesting countenance breathed over my spirit a charm that brightened up many a cloudy moment of the dim months that elapsed between our first and second interviews. Our next meeting after an interval of a year was at the house of her parents. I know not how it has always happened, but I certainly have found much less difficulty in conciliating the kindness of a thousand females, than one solitary fellow of my own sex. It may be that women are like wax, on which impressions are as easily made as effaced. Without dipping into metaphysics, however, I will simply remark, that a female heart is a very curious sort of thing, that would puzzle even Dr. Mitchell, with all his minute philosophy, to analyze. For who, short of the old cloven-footed gentleman himself, can straightly demonstrate the tangled motives that operate in producing those mystic contradictions of conduct for which the sex has been distinguished ever since

Madame Eve stumbled upon and swallowed her apple, that fruitful apology for many a sad stumble among the ladies through many a sprawling generation?—but to the subject of grievance.—Have you ever been—pshaw—why need I ask a poet if he has ever been in love, when, poor fellow, his heart is as streaked with love-scars as his landlady's ledger is with—whew!—that's telling—But, seriously, as you have had the stammering fever yourself, I know you will sympathize with me in my doleful situation, and do all in your power to twist into something like the straight line of justice, some very crooked opinions that are limping about respecting your humble servant.

When I first renewed my broken acquaintance with the young lady in question, I was in the habit of calling three times a week, though I longed most deucedly to make out seven; and that you know, according to Cupid's calculation, is not very often. But reasonable and considerate as I was in the sum and duration of my visits, there soon stood staring me in the face a very formidable sort of argument against their number, in shape of a huge cudgel, as big as Tom Paine's nose, and a very austere though venerable old gentleman sitting in great solemnity behind it. Gracious! what a scene for two such timid creatures as Sally and I! And lately, this appalling apparition has invariably made its appearance in the old arm chair, close where she and I are in a habit of sitting. Plague on all cross papas, I say! Now, though we might be poetical enough to commit an assault and battery on the temple of Hymen, yet the fact is, Mr. Editor, we are much too poor at present even to think of such a thing, except in our dreams—and there's no harm in dreaming of being naughty, is there? so I think the old gentleman might let us sit alone, and talk politics about the inky hurricanes of Major Noah and Col. Gardner; these sweet sentimental evenings. Bless me, how can some folks tease some folks so? I will swear by all the ghosts (and 'tis no small oath either) of all the poor debts I have murdered with promises ever since I was blown from the bosom of my grandmother, in her last squally lecture, never to even look as if I was thinking of old parson Bork when in dear Sally's presence. "Dear Sally,"—well, truth will out sometimes, in spite of all one's wise precautions, won't it? But let me only tell you what sort of a girl Sally is, and then you can judge if so combustible a heart as mine could help sparing a sly corner for her sweet little image to nestle in during the cold bitter months that are coming by and by. I am no great hand at description, so your imagination must freshen up all the bare places in the sketch. In the first place, her face is not what the world would admire; thousands would pass such a face even in the wilderness, and not take the trouble to give it a second look—hair without a solitary ringlet to shadow a forehead that is neither very white nor very lofty—a nose of quite an aspiring nature, that has taken a disposition upwards, as if scenting the stars—the lower lip has had a little squabble with its companion, and made an effort to pout away, but failing in the effort, only effected a slight projection—teeth the colour of the old black coat I used to wear up Liberty-street last winter: you remember its pale shabbiness—and so will the poor tailor who displaced it with a new one—but a truce with the sufferer—'tis a shame to crown injury with insult. Now, not one of all these features I have just enumerated are of the true Corinthian order, and yet there is so pure, so pensive, so elevated, so delicate, a spirit sighing and shining through their defective arrangement like the glorious gloom of a morning or evening twilight, brightening and blushing along a clouded heaven, that for the life of me I cannot help thinking of the little white cottage that peeps out of the green bosom of the Highlands near Newburgh, which I mean to buy when I bring my golden wishes

into blossom. Oh, such a face is a heavenly evidence of the power of mind over personal imperfection—of that which is eternal over the vanishing elegance of mere every-day attraction—to such a face, so pale, so sad, so appealing, and yet in the hour of generous excitement, so warm in its enthusiasm, so winning in its eloquence—could I bend a knee that never knelt to mortal, and a crazy lover might say not in idolatry either, for I should only worship an embodied portion of that Spirit in whose presence even the seraph is unworthy—before whom the archangel sinks into nothingness. In Broadway I have met swarms of lovelier faces—flocks of finer forms—that flare through the gaudy atmosphere of fashion like the embroidered butterfly, as beautiful and as worthless. What is wealth, and fame, and rank, and beauty, unsanctified by the majesty of soul? what but splendid insignificance and polished corruption, and elegant impotence, when placed in competition with a being whose power of attraction comes in all its naked dignity from a pure heart and soaring spirit, which, when united in the character of woman, makes her the angel in appearance she is destined to be hereafter in reality? But I have become so heated with this inflammatory subject, that I had almost forgotten the big stick—do, for pity's sake, Mr. Editor, persuade the old gentleman that there can be no mighty great harm in permitting me to see Sally every evening; tell him she is too wise and too dutiful ever to be so silly as to steal to the parson with such an unfortunate fellow as I am; and—apropos—tell him if we did so far forget ourselves as to be so naughty, there could be no great danger, for old Daddy Bork would't take my promissory note a second time.

But, seriously, secondly and lastly—If I were not apprehensive the young lady, after the honey-moon, would find Hymen's flowery fetters had withered into a chain of thorns, I would make a sally into your iron chest, (if poets can have any use for such machines except to hide snugly from the bailiff,) and qualify myself for a pecuniary introduction to the parson's parlour.

WILLAND.

they seem incapable of looking beyond that period; they unite in hopes of finding rapture, and, disappointed in that, disdain even to accept of happiness. From hence we see open hatred ensue; or what is worse, concealed disgust, under the appearance of fulsome endearment. Much formality, great civility, and studied compliments, exhibited in public, cross looks, sullen silence, or open recrimination, fill up their hours of private entertainment.

"Hence I am taught, whenever I see a new married couple, more than ordinary fond before faces, to consider them as attempting to impose upon the company, or themselves; either hating each other heartily, or consuming that stock of love in the beginning of their course, which should serve them through the whole journey. Neither side should expect those instances of kindness, which are inconsistent with true freedom or happiness to bestow. Love, when founded in the heart, will show itself in a thousand unpremeditated sallies of fondness; but every cool, deliberate exhibition of the passion, only argues little understanding, or great insincerity.

"Choang was the fondest husband, and Hansi the most endearing wife, in all the kingdom of Corea; they were a pattern of conjugal bliss; the inhabitants of the country around, saw and envied their felicity; wherever Choang came, Hansi was sure to follow; and in all the pleasures of Hansi, Choang was admitted a partner. They walked hand in hand whenever they appeared, showing every mark of mutual satisfaction; their love was so great, that it was thought, nothing could interrupt their mutual peace; when an accident happened, which in some measure diminished the husband's assurance of his wife's fidelity; for love so refined as his, was subject to a thousand little disquietudes.

"Happening to go one day alone among the tombs, that lay at some distance from his house, he there perceived a lady dressed in the deepest mourning, fanning the wet clay, that was raised over one of the graves, with a large fan which she held in her hand. Choang, who had early been taught wisdom, in the school of Lao, was unable to assign a cause for the present employment; and coming up, civilly demanded the reason. Alas! replied the lady, her eyes bathed in tears, how is it possible to survive the loss of my husband, who lies buried in this grave? he was the best of men, the tenderest of husbands; with his dying breath, he bid me never marry again, till the earth over his grave should be dry; and here you see me steadily resolving to obey his will, and endeavouring to dry it with my fan. I have employed two whole days in fulfilling his commands, and am determined not to marry till they are punctually obeyed, even though his grave should take up four days in drying.

"Choang, who was struck with the widow's beauty, could not, however, avoid smiling at her haste to be married; but concealing the cause of his mirth, civilly invited her home, adding, that he had a wife who might be capable of giving her some consolation. As soon as he and his guest were returned, he imparted to Hansi in private what he had seen, and could not avoid expressing his uneasiness, that such might be his own case, if his dearest wife should one day happen to survive him.

"It is impossible to describe Hansi's resentment at so unkind a suspicion. As her passion for him was not only great, but extremely delicate, she employed tears, anger, frowns, and exclamations, to chide his suspicions; the widow herself was inveighed against; and Hansi declared she was resolved never to sleep under the same roof with a wretch, who, like her, could be guilty of such barefaced inconstancy. The night was cold and stormy; however, the stranger was obliged to seek another lodging; for Choang was not disposed to resist, and Hansi would have her way.

THE CABINET.

Thrice happy they in pure delights,
Whom love with mutual bonds unites;
Unbroken by complaints or strife,
And binding each to each for life.

NUPtIAL FONDNESS.

The following story is told by Goldsmith, in his *Citizen of the World*, and we publish it for the edification of those who may not have read it in that work.

"The English love their wives with much passion; the Hollanders with much prudence. The English, when they give their hands, frequently give their hearts; the Dutch give the hand, but keep the heart wisely in their own possession. The English love with violence, and expect love in return: the Dutch are satisfied with the slightest acknowledgments, for they give little away. The English expend many of the matrimonial comforts in the first year: the Dutch frugally husband out their pleasures, and are always constant, because they are always indifferent.

"There seems very little difference between a Dutch bridegroom and a Dutch husband; both are equally possessed of the same cool unexpected serenity. They are neither elysium nor paradise behind the curtain; now is not more a goddess on the wedding day, than after twenty years' matrimonial acquaintance. On the other hand, many of the English marry to keep one happy month in their lives;

"The widow had scarce been gone an hour, when an old disciple of Choang's, whom he had not seen for many years, came to pay him a visit. He was received with the utmost ceremony, placed in the most honourable seat at supper, and the wine began to circulate with great freedom. Choang and Hansi exhibited open marks of mutual tenderness, and unfeigned reconciliation; nothing could equal their apparent happiness; so fond an husband, so obedient a wife, few could behold, without regretting their own infelicity. When, lo! their happiness was at once disturbed by a most fatal accident. Choang fell lifeless in an apoplectic fit upon the floor. Every method was used for his recovery, but in vain. Hansi was, at first, inconsolable for his death; after some hours, however, she found spirits to read his last will. The ensuing day she began to moralize and talk wisdom; the next day she was able to comfort the young disciple; and on the third, to shorten a long story, they both agreed to be married.

"There was no longer mourning in the apartments; the body of Choang was now thrust into an old coffin, and placed in one of the meanest rooms, there to lie unattended, until the time prescribed by law for his interment. In the mean time, Hansi and the young disciple were arrayed in the most magnificent habits; the bride wore in her nose a jewel of immense price, and her lover was dressed in all the finery of his former master, together with a pair of artificial whiskers, that reached his bosom. The hour of their nuptials had arrived; the whole family were overjoyed at their approaching happiness; the apartments were brightened up with lights, that diffused a lustre more bright than noon day. The lady expected her youthful lover with impatience, when his servant informed her that his master had fallen in a fit, which would be mortal, unless the heart of a man lately dead could be obtained, and applied to his breast. She scarce waited to hear the end of his story, when tucking up her clothes, she ran with a mattock in her hand, to the coffin where Choang lay, resolving to apply the heart of her dead husband as a cure for the living. She therefore struck the lid with the utmost violence. In a few blows the coffin flew open, when the body, which to all appearance had been dead, began to move. Terrified at the sight, Hansi dropped the mattock, and Choang walked out, astonished at his own situation, his wife's unusual magnificence, and her more amazing surprise. He went among the apartments, unable to conceive the cause of so much splendour. He was not long in suspense, before his domestics informed him of every transaction since he first became insensible. He could scarcely believe what they told him, and went in pursuit of Hansi herself, in order to receive more certain information, or to reproach her infidelity; but she prevented his reproaches; he found her weltering in her blood; for she had stabbed herself to the heart, being unable to survive her shame and disappointment.

"Choang being a philosopher, was too wise to make any loud lamentations; he thought it was best to bear his loss with serenity; so mending up the old coffin, where he had lain himself, he placed his faithless spouse in his room; and unwilling that so many nuptial preparations should be expended in vain, he, the same night, married the widow with the large fan.

"As they both were apprized of the foibles of each other before hand, they knew how to excuse them after marriage. They lived together for many years in great tranquillity; and not expecting much rapture, made a shift to find contentment."

THE MONITOR.

The death-watch tick'd, and the specter-bell toll'd,
Ding! dong! boom!

Excerpts of a Night.

THESE are some people, particularly simple old men and women, whose greatest delight seems to consist in reciting legendary tales, appearances of ghosts, signs, &c. and who are never at heart's ease, until they have awakened in the minds of the uninformed, and weaker part of the human family, all those dormant fears which can be called into action, by tales of terror. With such people I have no patience; as I consider them pests in society, and evils which should be shunned by all.

Without a doubt, much injury has been done to the sick and hypochondriac, by exciting in their minds these superstitious and groundless fears; and I would not hesitate to spurn from my threshold, any one who would relate such foolish stories in the hearing of my children; as I well remember when I was a child, after listening with avidity to the tales, and signs, and wonders, and lights, and shadows, of old Aunt Mabel, my hair would stand on end "like the quills of the prickly porcupine," and I would be agitated with fear the long night.

I remember once, that Miss Credulous, one of these good-natured, sign-dreading old maids, called at our house, and, seating herself between Buckey, me, and the cat, recounted in glowing colours, the tale of a ghost that she protested she had seen the night before; but which I, not choosing to believe, contradicted in positive terms. She insisted however it was true as holy writ, and thus endeavoured to substantiate her argument:

"Did not Samuel appear to Saul, at the summons of the witch of Endor? Did not Cæsar twice present himself to the astonished vision of Brutus, just before the battle of Philippi? And have not volumes been published, announcing the fact of numberless spirits of the departed, appearing at different times? With such incontestable evidence before you, will you longer doubt the truth of my assertion?"

"Yes," said I, firmly.

"Then doubt and tremble!" said the old lady; and immediately arose, seized the latch of the door, casting a 'longing, lingering, look behind,' threatened with her eye some dire calamity; and with the words "you will be convinced before you die!" departed.

Scarcely had the noise of her retreating footsteps ceased to sound upon our ears, than the tremendous howling of a dog aroused us from the silence into which her awful language had thrown us.

"O dear! oh me!" cried Buckey, "do you hear that dog? somebody is certainly going to die; I hope it is not howling for me! oh mercy!"

"Nor for me either," thought I.

It was a most plaintive cry; 'twas long, and loud, mournful; and seemed to breathe the full deep sigh of the poor matiff's sad heart (if dogs can be said to have any hearts). Another howl—Buckey groaned; and I hung my head. And yet another; and I groaned, and I trembled. The fire began to flicker, and ten thousand blue lights, and behold the room was curled a frightful winding sheet, and by degrees became quite dim. We surveyed each other with a wistful eye; and, oh, ye powers of darkness! the death-watch sounded in our ears, and the ponderous tongue, in the middle Dutch steeple, saluted the sides of the bell, and struck, heaven knows how many times. Presently, the sky, which but a moment before twinkled with the lamps of glory, (I do not mean the city lamps—they are not often guilty of such naughty tricks,) was suddenly shrouded in black; the

"thunder drum" rolled its awful peal—the lightning hurried in quick succession; the rain began to fall in copious torrents, and the wind joined the shivering dog in a duet, if not so sweet as that of Pearman and Ritchings, was louder, and more awfully grand. Three hollow and sepulchral knocks at the door, aroused us from the amazement into which the wonder around had steeped us.

"Here's old Sam himself!" ejaculated Buckey.

I took the poker in my hand, and with doubtful, faltering steps approached the door. It creaked dolefully upon its hinges, as I opened it, and a tremendous white cat ran into the room. It sprang upon the dining-table, and after fixing its fiery eyes upon Buckey and me, bent its head in a thoughtful posture for a moment, and uttering exactly three lamentable mews, darted like lightning up the chimney, and has not since been seen. Buckey started with affright, and upset the salt-seller; while I threw myself into a chair, and accidentally crossed my feet. Just at that moment, the furniture cracked, and a cow bellowed. Buckey began to cry, and was so much alarmed, that she thought doomsday near: and, to tell you the truth, Messrs. Editors, I did not think it was far off myself.

"Some terrible calamity is about to befall this neighbourhood," said Buckey, shaking all over like an aspen-leaf.

"I believe there is," returned I; "'tis very strange."

"Strange? 'tis horrible!" sighed Buckey, "I shall certainly die soon."

"And so shall I," was my answer; when accidentally turning my head, I discovered our poor old cat (which had been a silent spectator of the passing events of the evening) in convulsions; and she soon went the way of all—cats!

But now the scene was changed. The dog ceased his howling, the elements were still, and even the melancholy cow was heard no more. The clock struck the ghostly hour of twelve; and after paying the last sad tribute of respect to poor Fuss, by throwing her remains in the street, we retired to bed, taking good care first to look under it, and then in the closet, not forgetting the chimney, then covered up our heads, and Morpheus lulled us in his arms.

On the morrow, all the old women in the neighbourhood, at Buckey's invitation, assembled at our house, and gravely examining their dream books, wisely predicted some direful events—"horrid war," "sudden death," "procrastinated misfortune," sounded repeatedly on their withered lips. Some terrible catastrophe was looked for; but happily it never made its appearance.

On the contrary, nothing but good fortune has attended us since that moment; and we are so far incredulous, that we do not attribute any of the events of that evening to supernatural agency; notwithstanding, Mrs. Doubtful gave it as her opinion that Miss Credulous had caused the obedient furies to do their best to convince my stubborn understanding that her ghost story was true.

EDWARD.

SEDUCTION.

George

The New - York Mirror: a Weekly Gazette of Literature and the Fine Arts (1823-1842); Aug 16, 1823; 1, 3;

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in all the agony of a broken heart—then, rising from her humble posture, she rushed into the gulf beneath—a groan—a struggle—silence reigned—**SHE DIED! THE VICTIM OF SEDUCTION!! *******

GEORGE.

SEDUCTION.

"No dews give freshness to this blasted soil."

The golden god of day had sunk with his brilliant chariot in the west, and left the world to Cynthia and the glittering lamps of heaven—the tongue of time had spoken ten—oppressed with unusual sorrow I sought the romantic windings of the Hudson. All nature seemed to slumber, and nought was heard save the wild humming from the grove, and the murmuring of the stream, which was gently undulated by the passing zephyr.

I had not wandered far, when methought I heard the sound of hopeless misery. I paused—they were the wild and desolate breathings of a lonely and distracted woman! I approached with feelings of sacred compassion, and beheld what once an angel's form had been. She was reclining on the trunk of an aged tree, and supporting with a hand of snow, a brain of fire. I could not, did not, disturb her—I felt an awe and veneration which none can dream of. Not far beyond her stood a solitary willow, under whose drooping branches I found concealment—here I observed her, and listened to the thrilling tones of a voice, sweet and heavenly as the music of a seraph ***** she sang of love, of treachery, and of cruel inconstant man, and a deep melancholy flowed through every line—she tore a portrait from her bosom—kissed it—and placed it there again;—then with a shriek she rose and wept—tear followed tear, adown the cheek where roses once had bloomed—her lily hands she mingled with her jetty hair—she plucked it and gave it to the winds, which seemed to sigh and moan, as lamenting the fall of virtue—and then with fleetness that bid defiance to the rein-deer's speed, she ascended a rugged, barren cliff, whose towering top frowned upon the bubbling stream below—prostrate she knelt before the Throne of Mercy, and breathed a prayer

THE DESERTED ORPHAN.

—BUT as I made the proposal my mind was agitated, and I waited her reply with sensations not easily described.

Harriet threw on me a supplicating glance and replied, "I am sensible of the honour intended in offering your hand to a wretched creature like myself; yet I trust your generosity will overlook what may seem ingratitude, when you shall know the true situation of my heart. The kindness you have ever shown me, forlorn and unhappy as I am, demands that my confidence should be reposed in you, my worthy benefactor—your nephew Charles"—she faltered, blushed, and could say no more.

"Enough," I cried, trying to suppress my anguish, "you shall be happy; Charles shall be yours," and I left the room.

When I regained my chamber I attempted not to restrain my tears, but leaning my head upon my hand, I wept like a child. Past, fleeting moments were remembered—they could never return ! *****

It was eighteen years before, when at the gay, volatile age of twenty-one, I was returning home from a tedious journey, that I put up at a small but neat inn in Connecticut. The inmates I found entirely occupied in attending upon a young female, who was near the termination of her earthly existence. I was easily persuaded to visit the room, where lay the wreck of what once had been beauty and innocence. The unhappy sufferer was reposing in that mental stupor which often precedes dissolution. One of her delicate arms encircled an infant child that was sleeping on her breast, as if the affectionate mother had resolved not to part with it, even in death. Her dark hair shaded a face, which, though it displayed marks of suffering and sorrow, was still beautiful. As I approached the bedside, the noise awoke her. Conscious, the moment I beheld her, that she had at most but a few hours to live; I inquired if she had any communications for her friends.

"Alas! no," she replied; then gazing at me as if reading my thoughts, she continued, "I perceive that you are aware of what I too truly know, that the period of my earthly existence is near its final termination; nor am I grieved that my joyless pilgrimage is so soon to be completed. Yet," casting her eyes upon her child, "for this dear pledge of its unhappy father's affection, I could be willing to pass a few more days upon earth. I leave it among strangers, helpless and unknown."—She gave a deep sigh, then turning to me "Oh take it, protect it," she cried, "and may God reward you!"

This exertion overcame her; her eyes became fixed—for a moment they dwelt upon her child, and then closed for ever.

I inquired concerning her name and history; all was involved in darkness. Weak and feeble, she had reached the inn a few days previous, and was helped to that bed from which she was destined never again to rise. Of herself and family she forbore to speak; her greatest, only anxiety, seemed to be the orphan state of her child.

Agreeably to her request, I took it under my protection, and removed it to my native village, where, under the parental eye of my affectionate mother, were first inculcated those sentiments, that were afterwards the admiration of all who knew her. For a time the whole care of her education devolved upon that affectionate parent; other affairs engrossed my attention. In short I expected soon to be united to an amiable young lady. But—one tear to her memory—she died, and with her the gay visions of my youth. My early love and affections blasted, my hopes, my expectations, blighted, the world was a barren waste: not one ray of happiness was left me: in despair I turned from the world and its pleasures.

In the solitude of my home, I saw the youthful blos-

som that had been thrown before me. This lovely fragile flower it was my care to watch over and protect. To dissipate corroding, bitter thoughts, I turned my attention to what afterwards became the pride of my heart, the cultivation and embellishment of her mind.

Time, that beareth all before it, had mitigated the sorrows of my heart, and though conscious that my first affections could never be forgotten, I found it might be remembered with less emotion. Each day increased my affections for the tender orphan, and all those cares and attentions of the world being centered in her alone, served to increase them.

To pass over the many pros and cons that were agitated in my own mind, I had the presumption, at forty, to offer my hand to a girl of eighteen.

With my success you are already acquainted. My nephew Charles had been spared from home to cheer the gloomy hours of a melancholy uncle, who had been unfortunate in his early attachment, and would probably lead a life of celibacy. Charles was one of those thoughtless youths we too often meet with, careless, yet good humoured, with abilities that might adorn the highest stations, squandered in the pursuit of present amusement.

It appeared that he had half unthinking, breathed a tale which the too credulous girl had believed.

After her generous confidence I had but little trouble in promoting a marriage that conduced to the happiness of both.

Years have since gone by, and I have mingled in the noisy bustle of the world, experienced its hardships and been familiar with its sorrows. Yet amidst all my privations, and the world's unkindness, I have been constantly cheered in life's sad journey with the consolation that I had fulfilled my duty, and contributed to the happiness of the deserted orphan. **MORTON.**

THE INSTRUCTION.

Translated from the German of Krummacher, for the Mirror.

It was on a lovely Sabbath evening in spring, a father of two sweet children said to their mother, "We will walk out in the field, and recline ourselves on yonder hillock, that we may see and rejoice in the prospect of the declining sun—it will be a lovely evening."

The children hearing it, said, "We will run on before, and wait you on the hillock;" and having said it, they skipped off. Thereupon, the affectionate father and mother also went out, and conversed about the beauty of nature and their children; the father, from the fund of his wisdom; the mother, from the piety of her heart.

As they came now to the hillock, the two children were already there, and rejoicing, they came running towards them, and they had brought with them a young lamb which they were nurturing.

As now the sun went down in his splendour, the parents looked on and were moved; but the father raised his voice, and spake to his children of the creation of the world; of the Lord of the stars; and the exalted Creator of nature; of Him who created the heavens and the earth, the sea, and all that in them is—and directed them to behold the sun in his glory, and said,

"It is the wonderful work of the Almighty!"—For he thought in his heart, "it is time that I should instruct them in heavenly wisdom."

But when the father had said these words, the children suddenly exclaimed,

"O see, dear father, dear mother, how pretty, how lovely!"—for they had decorated the lamb with flow-

ers, and it stood as a bride, and eat the greens of the hillock out of their hands.

Then the father looked at the mother, and shook his head, with seriousness in his manner. But the mother smiled, and said,

“Leave them but yet in their childish simplicity, my dear; they require not as yet the knowledge of revolving worlds, nor the solemn word of doctrine.—They need but love, and theirs is already the kingdom of heaven.”

The father and the mother embraced their children, and with them rejoiced in the lamb they had decorated.

W.

who has never seen it, it is due that one to insert it in the MIRROR. The Rev. Hooper Cumming very happily introduced it into a charity sermon, which he delivered last Sunday evening, for the benefit of the sufferers by the late conflagration in the towns of Wiscasset and Alna, in the State of Maine. Its effect was such as might have been expected from such a reader.

My chaise the village inn did gain,
Just as 'he setting sun's last ray
Tipt with refulgent gold the vane
Of the old church across the way.
Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to beguile
In moralizing o'er the dead,
That mould'ring round the ancient pile.
There many a humble green grave show'd
Where woe, and pain, and toll did rest;
And many a flattering stone I view'd.
O'er those who once had wealth possess'd.
A faded beech its shadow brown
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept,
On which, though scarce with grass o'ergrown.
Two ragged children sat and wept.
A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seem'd inclined to take;
And yet they look'd so much a prey
To want, it made my heart to ache.
"My little children, let me know
Why you in such distress appear;
And why you, wasteful, from you throw
That bread, which many a heart would cheer."
The little boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, whilst tears each other chased,
"Lady, we've not enough to eat,
And if we had, we would not waste.
But sister Mary's naughty grown,
And will not eat, whate'er I say.
Though sure I am the bread's her own,
And she has tasted none to-day."
"Indeed, (the wan, starved Mary said,)
Till Henry eats, I'll eat no more;
For yesterday I got some bread—
He's had none since the day before."
My heart did swell, my bosom heave;
I felt as though deprived of speech;
I silent sat upon the grave,
And press'd a clay-cold hand of each,
With looks that told a tale of woe,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart.
The shiv'ring boy did nearer draw,
And thus their tale of woe impart.
"Before my father went away,
Enticed by bad men o'er the sea,
Sister and I did nought but play—
We lived beside you great ash tree.
And then poor mother did so cry,
And look'd so changed I cannot tell;
She told us that she soon should die,
And bade us love each other well.
She said that when the war is o'er,
Perhaps we might our father see;
But if we never saw him more,
That God our father then would be.
She kiss'd us both, and then she died,
And we no more a mother have—
Here many a day we sat and cried
Together, on poor mother's grave.
But when our father came not here,
I thought, if we could find the sea,
We should be sure to meet him there,
And once again should happy be.
We hand in hand went many a mile,
And ask'd our way of all we met,
And some did sigh, and some did smile,
And we of some did victuals get.
But when we reach'd the sea, and found
'Twas one great water round us spread.
We thought that father sure was drown'd,
And cried, and wish'd us both were dead.
So we return'd to mother's grave,
And only long with her to be!
For Goody, when this bread she gave,
Said, father died beyond the sea.
Then, since no parents have we here,
We'll go and seek for God around;
Lady, pray can you tell us where
That God, our father, may be found?
He lives in heaven, mother said,
And Goody says that mother's there;
So if she thinks we want his aid,
I think, perhaps she'll send him here."
I clasp'd the prattlers to my breast,
And said, "Come both and live with me—
I'll clothe ye, feed ye, give ye rest,
And will a second mother be.
And God will be your father still;
'Twas he in mercy sent me here
To teach you to obey his will,
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."

THE ORPHANS.

The following affecting little ballad is, perhaps, familiar to most of our readers; but if there be only one

THE PEQUOD LOVER.

ALTHOUGH old, and now almost an invalid, I daily indulge myself in a morning and evening ramble, which I have sometimes thought contributed to my health—it certainly does to my pleasure. These lonely walks are commonly pursued along the verdant banks of a gentle meandering rivulet, to the skirts of a small wood. Near to this wood, and on the banks of the stream, is a rough stone monument, shaded by an ancient chestnut. The quiet stillness of the place—the impervious shade of the tree—and the beautiful scenery around, contribute to render it, in summer, a delightful place. The roving hunter has often paused beneath the aged branches of the chestnut to rest himself, and gaze with admiration on the surrounding landscape.

If, to an indifferent spectator, this scene has such power of attraction, how must it be endeared to me, who have, for nearly thirty years, made it my almost daily resort, and where I have passed some of the happiest hours of my life?

The short but melancholy tale that tradition has handed down concerning this stone, and the one to whose memory it was erected, is in the mouth of every rustic in the vicinity; and the positive assertions of the aged, seem to corroborate their uncertain statement. It is simply this:—

Shortly after the landing of the first Europeans in New-England, and when they had made as yet but trifling inroads upon the Indian country, a small colony, planted at Hartford, Connecticut, were often assisted by a chief of the Pequod tribe, who was known among them by the appellation of Lightfoot—a name that had been given him by his countrymen, from his excelling in the chase. He was young, vigorous, and active; and, in his visits to the settlement, was often accompanied by an elder brother, to whom he paid much deference, and for whom he appeared to entertain a lively affection. When Lightfoot was but a child, in one of those depredations so common in Indian warfare, his whole family, except this brother had shared a fate too common among the savage nations, and were inhumanly massacred. This misfortune increased their brotherly love, and Lightfoot was accustomed to look upon his brother with more than filial affection.

This youthful warrior was sincere and candid, while Strongbow, his brother, was reserved, stern, and severe. That enmity which his countrymen had ever manifested against the whites, subsisted with seemingly ten-fold hatred in his bosom. To both of them, every attention was shown by the whites, and no endeavour was neglected to promote their friendship. While their efforts were not lost upon the friendly Lightfoot, the disdainful yet independent Strongbow saw and scorned the petty wiles by which they endeavoured to win his affections. But however averse he might appear to the friendship of the whites, his manner was different among his Indian brethren. Rude as he might seem, his bosom was not insensible to love, and he anticipated the day that should make him happy with her who was first in his heart. It was at length determined that in two moons she should be his. In the mean time he went on a distant hunting expedition with a party of Indians.

During their absence, the Narragansets attacked their village; and, after butchering the greater part of the inhabitants, carried off the remainder prisoners: among these, the betrothed wife of Strongbow. When Lightfoot, who was at the settlement, learned this, he gathered a small but resolute number, and set off in pursuit. Coming up with the enemy at night, he not only retook the prisoners, but killed almost all of his adversaries. The slaughter over, they immediately commenced their return; but the sufferings the prisoners had undergone, and their own fatigue, induced them to halt near the middle of the following day.

Lightfoot, and his intended sister, strayed from the

others, to a retired spot upon the bank of a neighbouring stream, and it was beneath that chestnut, where the rude stone now stands, that she had fallen asleep upon his bosom. Strongbow, returning from his expedition, came suddenly upon them ; and, having heard nothing of the disaster that had befallen his village, he was confounded and enraged. It was the work of an instant, to bend his bow, and bring the arrow to his eye : then pausing, he for a moment contemplated his brother, and the tide of fraternal affection was fast rushing to his heart ; but the sight of her he loved, and the belief that she was partial to another, raised emotions that banished all tenderness from his bosom ; and, aiming the deadly shaft, he doomed his noble, but ill-fated brother to destruction. The deadly weapon, true to its aim, pierced the heroic Indian, and he slept, to wake no more. The work of death had been scarce completed, before other Indians appeared. Too late he was made sensible that the devoted victim of his rage had been true and faithful—a brother to the last. Sorrow for what he had done—affection for his generous brother, struck the mighty hero dumb ; and as he surveyed those features, which had always beamed with heartfelt delight at his prosperity, and ever expressed concern when misfortune assailed him—the Indian warrior wept.

The circumstances of the case, vindicated him in the eyes of his countrymen, but could not reconcile him to himself. Withdrawing from all society, he was for many years the terror of his enemies, and at last fell fighting the Narragansets, against whom he had vowed implacable enmity.

Time rolled on, and but few years elapsed ere these happy natives were extirpated ; their lands became the property of the English government. A gentleman of that nation, having emigrated to this country, and purchased the tract that had been the scene of the foregoing incident, caused the stone that still remains, to be erected ; willing, if possible, to perpetuate an event, which even the Indians could not remember without emotion. The inscription, almost defaced by time, merely states, that a benevolent Indian was, upon that spot, unfortunately slain by his brother.

Near to that rude moss-covered stone have passed many hours of my life. In youth, I there uttered vows of love ; and though the days, and her who witnessed them, are passed away, and can never return, I often, very often, recall them to mind, as joys that were sweet, though known no more. Manhood has passed like a troubled dream, and the sweetest consolation of my age, is to visit the scene of my early love, and muse in solitude over the grave of the generous Pequot warrior.

MORTON.

THE RUINS.

A FRAGMENT.

—SHE was yet young; her seventeenth year had scarcely passed by; and though the attentions of some flattered her, as she respected their talents or admired their forms, yet it was long before she really felt that absorbing passion which we call love. She had, however, been visited with strange emotions since the first appearance of Edward; and when she remembered the expression of his eye, and the pleasing tone of his voice, she felt an exhilarating and indescribable sensation, such as youth loves to experience, and old age to recollect. She would not admit even to her own pure bosom that he was more to her than any handsome young man would be; but somehow or other, when he entered the room in which she was, her cheek assumed a more rosy hue, and the fine flashing spirit that shone in her eye, grew more sparkling and more beautiful still. The very attempts she sometimes made to conceal it, betrayed her secret: and it was easy for any observer to perceive that Edward was very often the subject of her thoughts—that her young affections were already beginning to cling to his manly form, and that her enthusiastic spirit was at last bound in those chains which give to slavery a greater measure than even freedom can boast.

It was a stormy winter night: the wind was heard whistling around the house—the hail often beat furiously against the windows, and the tempest without was raging with all those tumultuous sounds that give such a pleasing value to the warm shelter of a happy home. Caroline had retired to rest late in the evening, and the “balmy sleep” that lights only “on lids unsullied with a tear,” soon found a resting-place on hers. Her fancy, freed from every care, soon began to soar through the gay regions of imagination, and we must not be surprised to hear, that it flew with instinctive affection to hover around the form of Edward. It had not long, however, ranged in the novelty of its liberty, when her dreams became troubled. Confused ideas of storm and death passed through her brain—a heavy hand seemed to press upon her breast. She thought she was standing upon a high eminence, amidst rocks and craggy mountains, when the whole great mass tumbled with a tremendous crash into ruins, and in the effort to save herself, she awoke.

For an instant she thought her dream continued. A strange tumult roared around the house. The room was filled with smoke, and a light gleam shone under her door. It was not till she distinctly heard the crackling of burning timbers, and the roar of flames, that the dreadful truth burst upon her mind. She sprang from her bed—hastily and tremblingly put on a few clothes—and with a determination to rush out, opened the door. The light and heat that now burst upon her were so great, that she was compelled to retreat to the farther corner of the room; and the sight that met her view almost distracted her. The beautiful arched ceilings and carved walls of her father's house were reddening and crackling in the furious blaze—the floor was burned through—the whole room seemed entirely surrounded with flames—timbers fell crashing into the rooms below; and sometimes a gust of wind would bear towards her thick volumes of smoke, that rolled like huge waves wrapping every thing—the very flames—in their dark folds.

The frantic girl found it necessary to close the door to preserve her from being scorched to death. With some difficulty she accomplished this; and her next step was to open the window. Here she paused in mute astonishment at the sublime sight. Thousands of people were standing below: on whose forms the light of the burning house fell so distinctly, that she could perceive the men engaged with the engines—

some with trumpets, shouting commands to their companions—others busily employed in carrying out the furniture—and many standing in inactive silence, watching the progress of the flames. She shrieked with all her might; but what is a woman's shriek amidst the mingled tumult of shouting men, crashing timbers, and roaring fire. She could hardly hear herself. The room was heated—the door seemed fast burning away. She screamed until her voice was choked in convulsive efforts, and yet she was unheard. The engines played briskly below, and they alone would have drowned her feeble voice. She almost sickened with anxiety. She looked upon the multitude who stood beneath. Immediately around the house, they were in bright light. The fire flung its lurid glare over the collected crowd, until far away the end was indistinct in the shadows of night, and nothing was observable but a dark mass that heaved like the billows of a stormy ocean.

Her voice had now become so hoarse, that she could scarcely speak, but one idea glanced through her mind by which she might catch the attention of those beneath. She ran to her bed—with the strength of despair she dragged it to the window, and pressed it through the unyielding aperture. A cry arose as it darkened the light. Many thought it was a part of the wall tumbling from its height; but it fell harmless, and as it reached the ground, every eye was turned to the spot whence it came—the door of the room burst through at the instant—and Caroline stood lifted high amidst desolation. The blaze shone brightly upon her white garments, and many imagined that she was actually in the midst of the flames—a buzz of horror murmured beneath—a bustle ran through the mighty mass—exclamations of dismay broke from every lip—and every one was anxious to preserve her. Ladders were instantly raised—one seemed ready to rescue her, and she prepared to descend, when, with a cry of anguish, she perceived it was too short. The heat of the room became agonizing—the flames were fast proceeding towards her room—every hope was banished from her bosom—her cry grew wild—her senses began to forsake her—the dreadful prospect of burning to death—of being wrapped in the fierce bosom of the blaze! It was too much; any thing but that—she sprang upon the threshold of the window, with the desperate intention of springing from the dizzy height. Her hands were raised—her white robe streamed in the wind—already was her foot flung back, and her position announced that she was prepared to go, when her quick ear caught the bustle, the creaking as of a hasty step on the burning floor—it was a ray of hope piercing into the darkness of despair, and she paused to look: the figure of a man blackened and scorched appeared, almost enveloped in smoke and fire. Springing across a frightful chasm in the floor, he seized a blanket, wrapped her in its folds, and darted again like lightning through the crackling fire. A loud shout from the crowd who saw her disappear in his arms told their interest; the flames were seen curling around the very spot where a moment ago the lovely girl had stood—a deathlike stillness pervaded the scene without—except as they saw a figure with something in its arms pass a window one story lower than the chamber of Caroline—then indeed a tumultuous exclamation arose; but it was anxious, doubtful, and soon hushed down, and all again was still. Every eye was turned on the door—every bosom beat with hope and fear—an instant elapsed—a brick fell—another—and several more—and a large piece of flaming timber came crashing to the ground. Hope almost vanished for those within, for the greater part of the chimney thundered from the top, and the whole building tottered and shook, and seemed gradually sinking into ruin, when—he appeared at the door, staggering, and blackened, yet holding in his arms the being he

had preserved. With one convulsive spring he leaped from the floor—a single moment of silence followed—and the next—the thundering noise of the building that crashed amidst fire and smoke to the ground was almost lost in the long, loud shout that rung on the rent air of that night, and seemed to shake the earth to the very centre.

So mighty was the acclamation, that it awakened the suspended senses of Caroline. She started from the arms of her deliverer, and was darting wildly away, when his features arrested her attention. She fixed her gaze upon him, and stood a moment with delirium in every action. Her silence was broken by his voice, “Caroline.” At the sound, the fierce phrensy of her looks abated, her eyes softened and filled with tears—she gave a faint shriek—the name of “Edward,” burst from her quivering lips—and she sank overwhelmed on his bosom!

F.

THE TURNPIKE.

Such, such is human life—a turnpike road
 Conducting to our final, last abode;
 Home rush impetuous, reckless of their fate,
 Till Death demands a reckoning at the gate:
 Then shame o'erwhelms the conscience-stricken soul,
 Which leaves its shattered vehicle for toll.

THE WAGON RIDE.

"Don't let that wagon pass you, Tom—push ahead now—we've the best horse—nothing can go by us—give him the whip—dash ahead—that's your sort, my boy—here we go—catch us who can!"

And there we went, sure enough, at the peril of our lives—wheel and wheel, over stones and dirt—splash through the mud—down the gulleys, and up the hills, as though the furies were in pursuit of us, until our able antagonists lost their side wheels, and emptied the wagon of its contents on the road.

"Confound that fellow's carelessness! If I had hold of him I'd choke his breath out," groaned one of the unfortunate gentlemen, who lay almost buried in a mud pond. "My back is nearly broke! confound him, I say!"

"Oh! help me, Dick," said another, who was biting the dust, not far from him—"Oh! for mercy's sake, help me—I am murdered—Oh my bones!"

"Unloose my corsets, or I shall die," said a third. "Jim, your knife—quick, quick my lad, or I'm gone!"

Tom checked our horse for a moment, merely to chuckle at the mischief he had done—

"What do you think of that, Dick? We did it clean, eh? Ha, ha, ha,—poor devils, they should have known better.—What, pass us, with that old Arabian?—Did you mark how he foamed?—Repair damages, my boys, and come on—Eclipse for ever!—Nothing shall pass us, that's clear.—Get along, pony."—And so saying he snapped his whip, away we went, and left our competitors to help themselves as well as they could.

After riding at full speed, for about a mile further, we overtook Harry Dash, in his elegant barouche, drawn by his fleet bays, jogging on at a moderate pace, as though he was waiting for us to come up.

"Let's have a run with Harry—he's the boy that don't mind trifles—now for fun—now for a dash—hem, hem,—look him sharp, pony—we'll give him a chase—just let me alone now—I'll show you, you trout you—I'll cut a fly's eye out—I'll shave him close," said Tom, and flourished his whip over our heads, with all the confidence of an experienced jockey.

"Now, Tom," said I, "this sport, I assure you, is not very pleasant to me—it is ungentlemanly—it is cruel. Only consider, this vehicle, and this poor animal, is hired, and it is a shame that we should use

other people's property in this manner—besides what laurels shall we wear if we beat Harry? We get nothing by it, except indeed, the indignation of all who may happen to witness our folly. Now, for our reputation's sake, take no notice of Harry—let him go on as fast, or as slow, as he may think proper,—let us at least, behave like gentlemen—do, Tom, have prudence,—we have done mischief sufficient already—besides, we may break the wagon, kill the horse, and be tumbled head over heels on the road, like those unfortunate fellows which we have left behind us—now do, Tom, I beg of you, let Harry go."

"Come on, young fellows," cried Harry, reigning up his horses, and cracking his whip, by way of challenge, "Come on, I say—neck or nothing—now, or never's your time to immortalize yourselves!—What old nag have you got there—he looks white in the forehead;—is he sick?"

"No," answered Tom, "give us half the road, and you'll find he's well enough to beat your old sleepy bays—get along pony."

Half the road was immediately given, and both started fair. For about a mile we were ahead of Harry.

"Eclipse and Henry," cried Tom.

"Give us the road, or we'll run you down," vociferated Harry.

"Hang me, if I do—Run us down!—do it if you can."

Harry lashed his bays—Tom beat the pony, and we flew like lightning over the pavement of Brooklyn, so completely enveloped in a cloud of dust that it was next to impossible to discover who we were—the women ran to the windows and screamed—the children cried—the men flew up the stoops to avoid being run over—the pigs in the street squealed—the dogs barked—the cows bellowed, and made themselves scarce, but one poor old man, who happened to be crossing the street, not being able to hobble out of the way, was run over, and almost killed. At length Harry overtook us—our wheels became entangled, and down came the whole establishment!—Both Harry and Tom endeavoured to hold the horses, but were compelled to let them go—and they did go, as though old Nick had sent them.—Our horse was killed, and one of Harry's had his leg broken—of course, shortly after was knocked in the head; the other was never heard of, but probably became food for fishes.

A mob of some hundreds soon gathered around us; and a pretty figure we cut! Some groaning and rolling in the dirt; some so besmeared with blood and dust, that it was scarcely possible to recognise them, and others bruised and mangled to their heart's content.

For my own part, I miraculously escaped without any injury. We all scampered as soon as possible, amid the hisses and reproaches of the spectators, and left the boys to carry away the remains of our wagon and Harry's barouche for fire-wood.

We did not get in prison for endangering the lives of the citizens, and breaking the peace, but had it not been for the kindness of some of our friends, we should have been there for damages claimed by the owner of the horse and wagon, and the poor old man whom we ran over.—It cost us a cool hundred a-piece—and I believe it was a good lesson to us all—I know it was to Tom, for he has ever since been a steady and benevolent fellow, and never knows of any of his friends going a-riding, but he always endeavours to teach them humanity to their horses, and decorum on the road.

Contrary to his usual custom, Tom has never boasted of this exploit, in any circle of ladies in which I have been present, but has always remembered it with mortification.

GEORGE.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

O listen to the voice of Truth, and learn
The bounds of good and evil to discern,
Nor longer this important work adjourn.

THOUGHTS ON A RAINY DAY.

I AM naturally of a gay and care-despising turn; abhorring metaphysics, hating melancholy, and but little given to those speculations which clothe the mind in mourning, and cast a cloud of soberness over the brow. I have heretofore considered religion a decent sort of thing in its way, easily understood, and not entitled to more respectful attention than our gallant heirs and heartless heiresses in these days of refinement generally bestow upon an affectionate guardian.

Common *respect*, according to modern ideas, seems to be all that is necessary to extend to those from whom we receive the most valuable and most disinterested benefits. But I now begin to think otherwise upon certain points; I grow wiser as I advance in years; or, at least, I wear the appearance of wisdom, and indulge less frequently in the thought-dispelling mirth of youth, and seldom raise "the loud laugh that speaks a vacant mind." And particularly on a gloomy day like the present, when the clouds hang low towards the earth—when the rain falls with a certain heavy and doleful sound, and the streets are as deserted as if an earthquake had just passed through them, I unconsciously fall into a solemn reverie, which is only broken occasionally by a shudder, as conscience reminds me of the lightness and irreverence with which I have often thought and spoken of sacred things. It is then I feel that it is good to be serious sometimes: and it is then I recall to my heart the features and expression of an estimable friend who used to say, "that there never had existed a man, who, when reviewing life at the hour of his leaving it, was ever sorry that he had prayed." It is a beautiful remark, and it convinces me that we should sometimes be *serious*. Wit may pass for a while—it may receive applause; and its light, like the evening star illumining dark waters, may give beauty wherever it falls; but, as those waters are more sublime left alone in their darkness, so when the light of wit leaves the mind, and a calm solemnity comes slowly over it, the strength of its thought is more apparent, and its greatness is increased.

The fear of being termed a *preacher* by the common majority of mankind, should never be permitted to deter us from useful reflections, even if they give a cast of pensiveness to the countenance; for the mind of man can never think too deeply when studying its own nature, or when dwelling upon things only inferior to itself by the disposition made of them for wise purposes at the creation of the universe.

By exploring the great works of an Almighty hand, which appear in perfect fitness or beauty wherever the eye can rest, we learn to repress the risings of self-importance, we are made acquainted with our rights and our rank, while convinced that, although ruling millions with the sceptre of reason, man is but an inhabitant of the earth in common with all that breathe. When thus employed, the meaner pursuits of life are excluded, the disposition to frivolity is weakened, and the mind appears in all the glory of its divine character. Who can feel the bitterness of earthly sorrow, or who can indulge in levity when placed amid a perfect landscape, to breathe the very spirit of the scene, and to see impressed on every thing around the evidences of a higher power? How the bosom swells while some wild cataract, roaring over its broken channel, pours upon the wind the music of its waters! its sensations are *then* closely allied to all that is pure in the nature of man, and, in some instances, must rise in communion with those which even angels may be supposed to cherish.

A forest, with its countless varieties of colour, its full masses of foliage, and the deep repose of its interior, should afford an idea of extent and sublimity; while the humbler family of flowers should convey a pleasant conviction that, throughout the wonderful economy of creation, beauty and sweetness are found accompanying and adorning strength, and lavishing the charm of their attractions upon the rude and the rough.

Yet, while *nature* holds an instructive volume, while she publishes to the heart *her* religion, a voice is heard from every moving sphere: it addresses itself to the reason of man—it is the voice of divine truth! It commands him to compare the religion of *nature* with that higher and holier system revealed, in beneficent goodness, from heaven to "Moses and the prophets."

And, on making the comparison, can no difference be discovered? Yes; the natural religion is but an evidence of the power, the illimitable dominion of God; and, as such, is entitled to the reverence of man; the *revealed* contains the sacred precepts of His grace, His mercy, and His love! It is all that mortality could require. It includes the only law that angels could obey! It supplies every deficiency; it inspires every rational hope: it speaks the language of inspiration. The comments of a Creator upon the perishable works of his hands, are discoverable in its truths: the glories of a blissful eternity shine upon the pages which contain its principles! Although the material world is beautiful, although its skies are bright—its streams are flowing in freshness—and its breezes move along in fragrance and in purity, and we may *yet* knowledge by studying its parts—yet are we called upon by a feeling, innate and uncontrollable, that is instinct in childhood and reason in maturer years, to look beyond its narrow limits for the framer of its admirable symmetry, for the bestower of its beauties—for its Creator!

We turn for an explanation of the mysteries which surround us, to that Book in which is revealed a purer and a more sublime knowledge than mere earthly wisdom could ever have offered to our understanding. We almost instinctively turn to it; we look from "nature up to nature's God;" to whom conscience flies when danger threatens, to breathe forth the brief and fervent prayer; and to whom every action of our lives conveys an admission of His omnipotence. We subscribe to His superiority and to His goodness, often unconsciously. While surveying the vast world on which man lives, and moves, and has his portion of pleasure and of pain, the mind even of the dullest is filled with sensations of wonder and of gratitude. And why is that wonder excited? Towards whom do we experience those sweetest sensations of gratitude? A work far beyond our own capacity to execute, or

even our fancy to suggest, is before us and around us, and therefore are we lost in wonder. "That work came not of chance," whispers every better thought. Rational religion—to the bosom of divine truth, that the lost one must fly when abandoned by the world, and awakened from the dream of error.

Reason, that portion of divine intelligence kindly lent to man, points out the *Great First Cause*: on the ocean as well as on the earth, it bids us to feel and tremble in the storm—to rejoice with gladness in the sunshine—to know His voice in the impartial thunder—to hail returning grace while His bow of promise is forming in the skies!

Oh, then the soul bows before its Maker! looks fearfully back upon the follies which may have sullied its purity; resolves against the passions which may degrade its nature; and acknowledges, with the sincerity of grief, the power and the mercy of the only true God. Then, however gifted, however improved, the proudest and the vainest of men *must*, in conscience, admit bounds to human greatness: must deeply feel his inferiority to that incomprehensible *perfection* directing the movements of innumerable worlds, and speaking in thunders, or smiling in light, from His high throne in the heavens!

Yet such is the admirable structure of the mind, bestowed for the noblest purposes upon man, that, in proportion as it can become familiar with excellence—in proportion as it can receive delight from the study of scenes or powers superior to its own, will be its moral energy—its similarity to the objects of its study or its association. When that mind is directed to the contemplation of the attributes or the works of a Creator, the subjects appear too mighty for the grasp of created intellect: yet that He *is*—that he rules all-powerful, we are convinced by the incontrovertible evidences of His being all goodness—by the consciousness of our own existence. And while from the hills and the streams, the flowers and the fields, the bounded and governed, yet apparently boundless ocean, reason might teach man to draw irresistible arguments, conscience breaks down all the barriers of doubt and of infidelity by the secret testimony of his own heart.

We possess, in a greater or a less degree, the capacity to appreciate the beauties of nature; and it should be cultivated to the improvement of our hearts and to the enhancing of our happiness. For a habit of musing upon those beauties—of conversing with ourselves in the midst of nature's ever-varying scenes, will lead us to discover the connexion between the harmony and propriety of created things and the power and benevolence of their Creator. It is an employment most innocent in itself, and one which, adding much to the stock of our earthly enjoyments, tends to fit us for a more exalted and more blissful state of existence.

Is there an unfortunate being among the millions of mankind who will claim the title of *atheist*? Go forth, thou man most worthy of compassion! in the calm of a summer midnight, when the skies are unclouded, and the stars are all out, trembling in their brilliance, and, calling to thine aid astronomy, that most beautiful of the sciences, gaze intently upon the objects *then* presented to thy view, and ask thyself whether such *could* be the work of chance? What should be thy answer? what will be the reply of thy conscience?—No!—for *then* thou wilt be alone with thy God!

It is in such a scene—when all the world is still, that the cares and the trials of this life—the ingratitude of friends, too deeply seated in our hearts—the inconstancy of those who vowed to love us for ever, come thronging upon our minds; it is in such a scene that bitter recollections come to wring the unavailing tear. And *then*, robbed of every hope, deceived in every trust, and left to the severest of all life's ills—the misery of lonely reflection, where shall the unhappy fly for consolation, when the falsity of long-cherished opinions is discovered—when infidelity can afford no alleviation? It is to the precepts and practice of a

Then may you be enabled to form a faint idea of the might and the majesty of immortal truth. Truth comes, in the light of heaven, upon the dark ocean of humanity; she quells the wild waves of passion; she speaks, and the hoarse discord of error is heard no more!

BRYANT.